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THE EVANGEL OF RUBADUB.

THE gallant M. Le St. Evremond, in a charming but wicked letter to Louise de Queroualle, advises her to yield to the sweets of temptation instead of consulting her pride; and nobody, I suppose, even in this age of extraordinary historic doubts, will say that the young woman proved herself to be an inapt pupil of the vivacious moralist. There is a kind of mental debauchery which has come into fashion which is quite as dreadful as the most hopeless and drivelling arrogance of the intellect. Your friend seeks you in a condition of fearful excitement. He has heard a musical spirit play upon the fiddle. He has seen a prescription in the hand-writing of Hippocrates. He triumphantly produces a fire-new poem in English by the ghost of Horace. He is perhaps shedding tears over a letter from his grandmother, whom he never saw; he has witnessed a dinner-table execute a garotte; he has trembled at blue-lights, which he was told were genuine corpse-candles. He fancies himself to be a new Nostradamus. He begins to believe with the Talmudists, that Adam had a wife, Lilis, who begat only devils, and whose fecundity was fearful. He shouts with Faust:

‘Was it a God who wrote each sign?
Which this poor heart with rapture filling,
Reveals to me, by force divine,
Great Nature’s energies around and through me thrilling?’

Of course it was; he has no doubt of it. He believes any thing; he believes every thing. You remonstrate, and he tells you that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy; which he thinks settles the matter, drives in the logical nail, and clenches it. The poor man is evidently sincere and evidently

crazy. He plays at ducks and drakes with his money; he drives his household into a common frenzy; he makes himself ridiculous in the newspapers; and ends by deserting the ancient wife of his bosom for some impudent young harlot whom he calls his affinity. Should he be very fortunate, he finds an asylum in Bedlam; should he be very unfortunate, in the penitentiary — a consummation, however, which we are sorry to say is altogether too rare.

For a ghost, as a general rule, we entertain a great respect, and in some ghosts, we should have implicit pecuniary confidence to the amount (£1000) mentioned by Hamlet. What, we should like to know, would be the fifth act and fifth scene of Richard the Third without the ghosts of King Henry and Lady Anne and the ghostlings Edward and York? Is it not perfectly evident, that but for these most accommodating creatures, 'the bloody and devouring boar,' having taken off his patent-leather suit, manufactured for him expressly by Andrew Jackson Allen, having hung up his rattling sword, and having put on his night-cap, would have gone quietly to bed, would have slept like a mesmerized subject until the early village cock paid his salutation to the morn, would have arisen a refreshed old scoundrel, and fought young Richmond off the stage and down among the fiddlers with the most charming success? But of what use is it for a man who has been bobbing and jumping up and down the stage all night, and taking long leaps from his bed to the foot-lights, to call upon St. George, or any other saint, to inspire him with the rage of a boar? St. George, of course, cannot oblige his friend. He cannot even inspire him with the rage of a donkey or a dove. Hence the triumph of virtue; hence the passionate joy of box, pit, and gallery. 'Billy' — we refer here to the talented Shakspeare — made much of ghosts, and they in return, made much of him. What — to continue our inquiry in another department of art — would the last scene of Mozart's master-piece be without the ghost of the Commendatore, with his

'DON GIOVANNI a cenar tecco,
M'inritarti, a son venuto,'

which, in connection with the trombones, has such an impressive and, let us hope, lasting moral effect upon Leporello? In truth, all highly civilized people have patronized ghosts, our pig-tailed Celestial friends with the rest; and we mention them particularly, because, with a kindness which does them honor, they prepare charitable cups of tea and cook eleemosynary kibobs for spectres whose friends are in destitute circumstances, and incapable of showing to their ancestors these delicate dietetical attentions. Who finally drinks the beverage and bolts the other dainties, is known only to the priests. But while we cheerfully acknowledge the virtues of intelligent and well-meaning

ghosts, we have reason for believing, that even as the fugitive valet sometimes wears his master's shirts, and, in order to be consistent, assumes his master's name; so there is here and there an instance of spectral dishonesty. We once knew a man of an excitable temperament who observed in his wrath that if his enemy did not, upon his demise, go to a certain hot place, there was no need of the hot place at all; and if our great ones, after long residence in the Elysian Fields, make no improvement, why, all we can say is, that it is very discreditable to the Fields aforesaid. For, if people who never talked nonsense while living, can talk nothing but nonsense when dead, would it not be quite as well to hush up the matter, out of respect at least for the feelings of surviving friends? Is there any thing in death which should make a Dr. Sangrado of Abernethy, a Pistol of the Duke of Wellington, a bad poet of Tom Campbell, a bad lawyer of Story, a dotard and driveller of John Quincy Adams? 'There are some things,' said Mr. Chief-Justice Marshall to a young lawyer who was descanting at great length, 'which the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States of America may be supposed to know.' So there are some things which the illustrious departed may be supposed to remember. If the shade of Dr. Hall is 'upon the table,' it should certainly know something of the reflex action of the nerves, and yet we will wager our largest ink-stand against a goose-quill, that if we were to treat ourselves to half-a-dollar's worth of conversation with that eminent man, merely calling upon him as a 'Doctor,' we should get something like the following: 'Heal thyself! Nature is dual, but spirits are one. Digestion and nutrition are harmonized by absorbent concomitants, and the sentient system is solidified by the neutral elements. The patient is suffering from the fact that the cardiac sphincter is pressing upon the bile. Let him take the medicine prescribed by the medium and all may yet be well;' in short, we should get fifty cents' worth of the nonsense and a big bottle of nastiness, but not a word about nervous action. So if we should treat ourselves in these disjointed times to a dollar's worth of Daniel Webster, whose advice would be worth the money if we could get it, we should learn that 'the governmental function is above the sympathetic soul-power of the mortal, and resides in the infinite yearnings of the harmonial correlatives.' If distracted by this Cumæan utterance, we indulged ourselves in five shillings' worth of Fisher Ames, we should be told that 'the functional government is below the powerful sympathy of the immortal, and the harmonial correlatives render the yearnings of the soul infinite'—a stock of information upon which Jefferson Brick himself would not think of running for Congress in the most benighted county of Indiana. If we prodigally determined to relieve our mental distraction by the charms

of a little poetry by Sam Rogers, or Homer, or Béranger, or Schiller, we should be informed that

‘THE governmental function
Is o’er the sympathetic soul,
And the yearnings all harmonial
Extend from pole to pole.’

Thus it is; the spirits all talk the same jargon and repeat the same cabalistic nonsense. You call for Sir Isaac Newton, and you find that he has forgotten all about the pippin and gravitation; La Place does not know a planet from an asteroid; the readers of *The New York Ledger* are more familiar with the circulation of the blood than Harvey; Malte Brun would talk of the sea-coast of Bohemia, and Euler be unable to distinguish a positive from a negative quantity. For an illuminated set, the spirits seem to be wonderfully fond of the baldest generalities and the safest possible nonsense.

A folly merely intellectual, or a pretension appealing simply to human credulity, must be self-limited in its duration. The world has witnessed the rise, culmination, and decay of a thousand delusions; and as fools have always existed, so fools will always exist. Men who are afraid to die, and who are told by those who are properly informed, that they must die, will swallow what Faust calls ‘electuaries satanic.’ Those who are weary of wholesome, intellectual restraint will betake themselves to revolt and protest. Men who find their condition one of chronic impecuniosity, see a saviour in St. Simon or Fourier. Men who think that the circle can be squared, will end, of course, by squaring it. But when a folly becomes epidemical—when emerging from the closet of the arch-quack, it begets whole societies of quacklings—when it is cultivated and nurtured, not for any possible inherent pleasure which it may possess, but for some concomitant license—we may be sure that Satan is especially busy. To sit solemnly around a table; to stimulate the furniture into antic activity; to provoke audible thumps from sightless knuckles, to witness the spasmodic penmanship of a chirographic, and to listen to the nonsensical ejaculations of a loquacious, medium, may be amusement for a time. But those who are deluded, soon need novelty, and a novelty is always at hand for their jaded palates. Five years ago, simple knocking was sufficient; and since that time, how have the paraphernalia and circumstances of the nonsense been multiplied? There have been queer grafts indeed upon the original vibratory ‘mahogany-tree.’ A mere rat-tat once frightened the souls of the simple very comfortably; but now the tabular vehicle must ring like an anvil with what we may call after Jamie Thomson, ‘the sounding gammon;’ living fingers must be pressed by dead ones; reams upon reams of fair and honest paper must be smirched by spider-like hieroglyphics. The appetite for the

simple super soon grows into an appetite for the super-supernatural; and the original tea of the tipping-table must have a dash of brandy in it to make it palatable. A votary of the gloomy science, who was well contented with his grand-mother's ghost at first, becomes so fastidious at last that he will have nothing to do with any body less than 'General Washington in full regimentals.' The mind, fevered by constant stimulants, drilled to systematic skepticism, and accustomed to find its daily diversion in a deception which it is too feeble to resist, and which it half-suspects, until all vigor is gone and the whole intellectuality debauched, is eager for new forms of protest against human faith and knowledge, against logic, ratiocination, and evidence, against whatsoever is lovely and reputable. It would be a recompense, or at least a palliation, if all this folly could remain harmless, but the great Ancestor of Falsehood is too cunning for that; and the result is, that some Aldiborontocophoscophornio, who began by bewitching his neighbors' tables ends by debauching his neighbor's wife, under the patronage with the sanction and possibly by the concurrent advice of the shades of Lucretia and Scipio.

Not many years ago, a vagabond charlatan, the author of a thick book full of stupendous stupidity, and of filthy innuendoes as palpable as he dared, with a wholesome fear of the Grand Jury, to make them, persuaded sundry people in a little Massachusetts city, that he had invented a machine for the generation of spirits at will. At the expense of his dupes, whose pockets were fuller than their heads, he constructed his apparatus, which consisted of two lightning-rods, a dozen cog-wheels of no possible use, and a galvanic battery. Without entering into indecent detail, we cannot tell the reader of the monstrous mummeries which this vile quack performed. He managed to make a most noisome noise for a while; but when we last saw his apparatus, it had been thrown helter-skelter into a cellar, and did not appear to us at that time to be engaged in any manufacture of the spiritual or other sort. The wonderful projector had departed upon some new mission; but he left the poor people by the ears — and very long ones they were — behind him. He did more. He left behind him a plague of prurience, an ingrained indecency, a doubt of female virtue, which was not altogether baseless, a general skepticism, and a fat field for any future adventurer. And thus it will ever be. The frivolity and folly of the table-tipping in decent domestic drawing-rooms, find their legitimate projection in the brazen sensuality of Berlin Heights.

Now, we are not needlessly suspicious; we are not, we trust, uncharitable; we have no virtue to make a parade of. But there are certain old-fashioned institutions, certain musty notions, certain well-beloved prejudices, certain venerable human feelings, which we do not care to abandon upon the demand of any mountebank or madman.

We figure to ourselves some happy human home, with fire-light flickering upon the walls and love-light gleaming from innocent faces; some home made comely by culture and rounded domestic graces; some home in which every uttered word is a benediction; some home guarded by the strong and graced by the beautiful; some home in which the exuberance of joy and the exultation of prosperity have been chastened by Death, which came so ruthlessly, and carrying away one dear one, left behind a thousand tender memories throbbing in the heart or trembling upon the lips; some Christian home in which the best beloved names are spoken in reverential whispers, and which has nothing this side the tomb to love half so well as the dear treasures *there!* And as we compare this scene of love, of purity, of hope, and of faith with the ideal home of a half-witted reformer, who has begun his beautiful work by abolishing the marriage relation; who has bawled upon the house-tops and in hot lecture-rooms the right of every woman to choose the father of her own offspring; who while he is building, stickles for the inestimable privilege of demolishing at will, his own structure; who is fierce for unlimited divorce, and truculent for the right to be coarse and sensual and filthy, we feel with what wisdom and with what exquisite instinct man has founded the noblest of human institutions. And more than all, we feel how unspeakably heartless is that consummate quackery which would, for its own selfish purposes, tear open wounds which time was just rendering easier of endurance, and with gross familiarity babble names of the loved and lost and longed-for; which would take a coarse advantage of the helplessness of bereavement, and play, for its own purposes, with the soul shorn of its strength for a time by a great sorrow. The wisdom of that Providence which ordains a separation from the well-beloved for a time, to be followed by a union for eternity, grievous as it may be to the heart, smiling as it does, though all vainly, at the foundations of faith, and making us, in the paroxysm of a new grief, defiant of the OMNIPOTENT HAND, is very clear to the reason and very beautiful in the light of Revelation. Modern spiritualism utterly vulgarizes the holiest of God's dispensations. It seeks to tear away the curtain drawn by the CREATOR. It creates for itself a heaven coarser than the paradise of Mohammed, more terrestrial than the future world of the most sensual savage; a heaven of earthly tastes, passions, avocations, and enjoyments; a heaven to be continually abandoned, at the call of any necromancer, for a new participation in the low pursuits and half-blind glimpses and unsatisfactory pleasures of this lower life. Who that has read what is called a Spiritual Book, has not closed it with hurrying disgust, at its tawdry attempts to depict the scenes which no eye has witnessed, to rehearse the sounds which no ear has heard, and to reveal the joys which the heart cannot conceive. The heaven of the spiritualist is like the flash-

ing foil-scene of a minor theatre — an enchantment of paint, a glory of gilding, an utter and repulsive materiality of splendor. The inhabitants of Spirit-Land dance in short tunics, play upon wind-instruments, are let down from the flies, or come up through trap-doors. The quintessence of spiritualism is spectacular. Mr. Jackson Davis manages his heaven as Mr. Burton would manage his theatre. His book is like the 'Programme' of 'Blue Beard' or 'The Invisible Prince.' These revelations, verbally imposing as they may be, never transcend the low resource of adjectives. You will search through them in vain for one strong metaphor, for one beautiful comparison, for a trace of even the minor idealism of Behmen or of Fox. The immortals eat and drink, dance and chat, sail in boats, live in houses, ride in coaches, attend lectures, and write discourses like mortals, and like very ordinary mortals, into the bargain. To the man of the commonest taste, and of the least possible culture worthy of the name, the heaven of Mr. Davis would not be worth asking for, would be something to be shunned, as with prayers and with tears the pure and aspiring of the earth have shunned another and a lower region; a heaven like that of the Harz Mountains on a Walpurgis Night, with Old Baubo riding upon a farrow sow, and Sir Urian presiding over all; a heaven full of 'Children of this World,' of dancers and dancing-masters, of dogmatists and idealists and realists and supernaturalists, 'clever ones' and 'bunglers' and 'skeptics,' of 'jack-o'-lanterns' and 'shooting stars,' with Puck for prime minister, and an orchestra playing *dolce pianissimo*. From such scenes of wild folly or frantic revel, we might well desire to recall our lost ones.

But reason and faith give us a nobler support in our sorrow, and a surer solace for the dread moment of separation. The first assures us of a future state, which can be no idle reproduction of the present; no flat, stale repetition of terrestrial experience. To leave the earth for these, would be to take with us the jaded appetites and the worn-out bodies of the flesh, the passions which here tormented, the doubts which here vexed, the sorrows which here distracted us: and to leave behind us, alas! forever, the consolations and the hopes which mitigated the rigors of our mortal discipline. And that great gap which Reason cannot bridge, may we not pass it upon the wings of Faith? Have we changed all our relations with the Infinite? Is there to be nothing left to us of filial and unquestioning trust in the Great FATHER of us all, of that trust in His infinite goodness and mercy which has made sorrow sweet, and suffering pleasant, and the sundering of our heart-strings endurable; which has strengthened the soul of the martyr in his dungeon or upon his bed of steel; which has restrained the arrogance of the profoundest philosophy, tempered the exultation of the mightiest intellect, chastened the noblest poetry, and ennobled the loftiest daring of the world?

DANTE FROM THE MODERN POINT OF VIEW.*

WE must probably in truth confess that our America has not yet added one genius of the highest grade to the few master-spirits in the empire of song, and that whilst in practical affairs we have made our mark on the world through rulers like Washington and inventors like Franklin, we have not thus far produced a poet who has done for us what Homer did for Greece, Virgil for Rome, Dante for Italy, Shakespeare for England, and Goethe and Schiller for Germany. We, however, make up for our deficiency, by giving a hospitable home and a cordial hearing to the poets of every land; and whilst the leading bards of England have probably more readers here than in their native country, we are by no means indifferent to the minstrels of other tongues, whose verse is familiar to thousands of our people in the original, and to tens and hundreds of thousands of them by popular translations. The American desires to know the thoughts of the great poets of the human race, not only on account of his characteristic inquisitiveness and excitability, but from the cosmopolitan disposition that claims the whole world as its own, and is quite as willing to annex to our intellectual empire the whole domain of literature, as to play the fillibuster in Mexico or Nicaragua. If Helicon itself could be taken by a band of literary freebooters, some Yankee adventurer would surely organize the expedition; and nothing would flatter our national pride more, than winning the prize at the World's Exhibition for poetry and eloquence, as well as for safety-locks and reaping-machines. We take some comfort to ourselves, therefore, in calling attention, through a popular magazine, to one of the greatest poets of the human race, who is of all others least known to our people, believing that we shall have from the general ear a hearty and candid hearing, such as is not always given by the scholastic, and too often the pedantic circle of professed critics. Our readers who know and honor the names of Italians like Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Galileo, and Alfieri, will not refuse to follow us in some rapid, yet by no means careless sketches of the man who is the father not only of Italian poetry, but of our whole modern literature.

* DANTE'S LEBEN UND WERKE. Kulturgeschichtlich dargestellt von Dr. FRANZ X. WEGELE, Ausserordentlicher Professor an der Universität zu Jena. Jena, 1852.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. By Count CESARE BALBO. Translated from the Italian, by F. J. BUNBURY. Two Volumes. London, 1852. RICHARD BENTLEY.

ŒUVRES POSTHUMES DE F. LAMENNAIS. La Divine Comédie de DANTE ALIGHIERI, précédée d'une Introduction. Paris, 1855. Three Volumes, 8vo.

DANTE. Studien Von F. CHR. SCHLOSSER. Leipzig, 1855.

Before the vestibule of our modern civilization, at once the last of the ancients and the first of the moderns in the empire of letters, stands a majestic figure whom we all know well by sight, and ought to know better by heart. Wherever we meet his portrait, no matter who may be the artist or what the form or merit of the work, we never mistake the familiar features; always the same long dark visage, high cheek-bones, projecting under-lip, aquiline nose, and large piercing eyes; always the same union of pride and sensibility, strength and delicacy in the expression. He is generally represented crowned with laurel, in strange contrast with his sad countenance, as if Gethsemane had thrown upon his features its shadow, and Parnassus had put upon his head its crown. The most impressive of all portraits of him, is the Torrigiani bust at Florence, said to have been modelled from a cast taken immediately after death. Its majesty and sweetness show forth the rival powers that struggled for the mastery in his nature until sorrow and death reconciled them. The Roman Eagle and the Christian Dove there meet together, and the eagle, subdued by the dove, has learned a holier and a higher flight. That face is a compend of ages of history, and a prophecy of ages to be.

We confess that the greatness of the subject is almost oppressive, and that we have felt not a little alarmed at the presumption of undertaking to treat it in one or two articles, so vast is the circle of literature to be consulted, and so various are the opinions of critics as to the mind and temper of the man. Dante's own works could be easily printed in one stout octavo, yet the mere catalogue of treatises written upon their meaning or their merits — the '*Bibliografia Dantesca*' of M. de Batines, recently completed — occupies two folios amounting to nearly twelve hundred pages. Able men have differed singularly in their estimate of his leading purpose. According to Foscolo and Rosetti, he is to be regarded as the great Protestant radical of his time, even more daring and destructive than Luther in his assaults upon the papal creed and throne, while men of equal judgment and calmer temper, like Ozanam and Lyell, have looked upon him as limiting his assaults to the temporal power of the Popes, and leaving untouched the Catholic theology. Until lately, Catholic writers have been very anxious to vindicate his orthodoxy, and the Jesuit commentators took no little pains to disguise or explain away his assaults upon Rome; but lately the new Romish zeal has lost patience with the daring poet, and indignant at his irreverence toward ghostly authorities, is evidently trying to read him out of the Church, while the freer party are disposed to enlist his aid in their work of reform. Thus, of two works just published in France upon Dante, the one by Aroux, dedicated to the Pope, brands Dante as a heretic, a revolutionist, and a socialist; while the other, posthumous, from the pen of the famous Abbe Lamennais,

recognizes him as a fervent Catholic in creed, yet utterly hostile to the temporal dominion and grasping policy of Rome. Our English contemporaries have differed quite as widely in their views of the spirit and worth of the man. Leigh Hunt says that Dante's great poem was 'written to vent the spleen of his exile, and the rest of his feelings, good and bad, and to reform Church and State by a spirit of resentment and obloquy which highly needed reform itself;' while his last, and perhaps best English translator, Dr. Carlyle, calls Dante's poem 'the sincerest, the strongest, and warmest utterance that had ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew prophets.'

Prominent critics have equally differed as to his literary position, and he has been held up by one party as a dreamy allegorist, who evaporated his common-sense and practical experience into visionary abstractions, and lost himself in the clouds, while another party make him out to be a love-sick fanatic who thought only of himself, his loves and his hates, and immortalized his egotism in song. Amid such a wilderness of authorities and diversity of opinions, we propose to treat of Dante but from a single point of view, and shunning all controversy, to set forth his worth to our common humanity.

Dante, the poet, as a man of his time, and for all times, this is our thesis, and it has not by any means become trite, notwithstanding the host of criticisms upon the great Tuscan. It is only recently that he has been duly regarded in his connections with the history of humanity. The admirable work of Wegele inaugurates a new era in the philosophical study of Dante, and in connection with Lamennais's magnificent, although occasionally inexact Introduction, with Balbo's minute but not very brilliant Biography, and Schlosser's rich and suggestive though too laconic studies, leaves little to be desired by any earnest mind that wishes to know what the poet actually was in himself, and what he meant by his poem. To Wegele more than to any other critic, we are indebted for our knowledge of Dante, and for our sense of the greatness of his mission. Our aim is to give as fair an idea of that mission as our limits will allow, and we are willing to purchase simplicity at the cost of ambition.

Italy, in the thirteenth century, was the centre of Christendom alike in position and influence. In the year 1265, when Dante was born, Rome took the last ascending step in her temporal dominion, and Clement IV. completed the mighty work which Hildebrand had planned. A new age for Italy then began, and the expulsion of the Hohenstaufens from Naples, which so crippled the influence of Germany over the Roman States, opened the way for a freer development of Italian thought and speech. Thus, when the father of Italian literature was born, the age began to call for a commanding mind to lead in the new empire of letters, now destined to rise upon the site of the

old imperial thrones. Cæsar, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, these men had made Italy famous by their sceptres, and their names are the history of ages. The child who first saw the light of day in the house of the lawyer Alighiero in Florence, in 1265, was in his own way to write his name by the side of theirs; to build his temple over their palaces and tombs, perhaps to make up his crown from the fragments of theirs. His birth was sixty-three years before that of our own Chaucer, and we are ready to follow his career with interest, because he leads the new literature in which the mind of our mother country was so soon to put forth its own creative power, and give our noble language to the new dispensation of tongues. It is an interesting fact, that the English tongue has not been unmindful of its debt to its great precursor, and already seven complete translations have been published in English, and as many additional translations of the 'Inferno.' America does not repudiate her share of the debt, and one publishing-house has sold yearly some two thousand copies of their illustrated edition of Carey's translation, and another house has published large editions of Carlyle's version of the 'Inferno.' *

Let us consider, at the outset, the principal influences which prepared Dante for his work, that we may then estimate the nature and power of that work. We regard the period of his preparation as comprising the first thirty-five years of his life; for within that time, he went through the various discipline which made him a poet of the human race, without a superior, if with a rival.

The first stage of his discipline was but little accordant with the solemn grandeur of his genius. At a May-Day party given by Folco Portinari, the boy Dante, then at the close of his ninth year, met his host's daughter Beatrice, a graceful and delicate child, who seems to have been one of those rare little creatures whose beauty comes more from an indwelling loveliness than from mere form or feature, and so

* We print a full list of English versions of DANTE:

The Divina Commedia, by Rev. HENRY BOYD, A.M., 1802. Three vols. 8vo.

" " Rev. FRANCIS CARY, A.M., 1806. Two vols.

" " Rev. ICHABOD WRIGHT, 1845. Three vols.

" " P. BANNERMAN, 1850. One vol.

" " Rev. E. O'DONNELL, 1852. One vol.

" " FREDERICK POLLOCK, 1853. One vol. 8vo.

" " C. B. CAYLEY, B.A., 1851-5. Four vols. 16mo.

The Inferno, by BOYD, 1785. Two vols. 8vo.

" " CHARLES ROGERS, 1782. 4to.

" " NATHANIEL HOWARD, 1807. Two vols. 12mo.

" " JOSEPH HUME, 1812. 8vo.

" " I. DAYMAN, 1843. Two vols. 8vo.

" " T. A. CARLYLE, (prose,) 1843. 8vo.

" " BROOKSBANK, 1854. 8vo.

Ten Cantos. T. W. PARSONS, Boston. To be followed by the entire Inferno.

to belong less to self than to God. Boccaccio says that by many she was reputed a little angel. Bice, as she was then called familiarly, was but eight years old, and of course knew nothing of the impression she was making upon the thoughtful boy at her side. Nor did the boy Dante know how much of his destiny depended upon that interview. Numberless volumes have been written upon their relation to each other, and she has been regarded by some as a mere coquette who kept the sensitive poet in constant torment, and by others as but an ideal creature with whose sweet name he chose to baptize his abstract philosophy. A little common-sense added to the obvious facts of the case, will help us through the difficulty. Dante's nature was profoundly sensitive to all beauty, and needed only an adequate object to interpret it to himself. He was to enter the temple of God by the gate called Beautiful, and this lovely child was the good angel that led him thither. Her face went with him when he crossed the threshold, and haunted him ever in the inmost shrine. The romantic, chivalrous character of the age combines with the obvious principle of association to explain something of her power over him during her life-time; but we must look deeper for the explanation of that influence upon his mature convictions which culminated after her death. We must remember that his intellect was essentially religious, always earnest to ascend from facts to ideas, and to connect every earthly experience with a providential purpose. His love was too great a fact of his experience to be left out of his religious creed, and it was transfigured into a part of his religion. Who will wonder at the transformation? Dante, like all poetic natures, ascribed the power which was developed within his own genius to the object that first awakened it. One of our own poets has said of his own dear departed child:

'And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures her golden hair.'

To Dante's solemn and intense mind, the light of the heaven of Beatrice transfigured his own life as well as hers, and threw its marvellous rays over the whole drama of humanity. She was the pure, sparkling fountain that broke the white, invisible light of his soul into prismatic splendor at its dawning, and through the burden and the heat of the day he bore with him that fair morning vision.

Some readers may think us near maudlin sentimentalism in these words. Whenever a man shows any eccentricity that borders on hallucination, it is very easy and very common to explain it, by saying that he is love-cracked; and there are many wiseacres who will regard enthusiasm for a horse or a dog as far less derogatory to good sense than the least trace of romantic devotion to some cherished type of true womanhood. Some theologians, who are quite ready to believe that a poor soul in search of divine light may find it in the petals of

some sweet little flower, or in the study of the bones of the human hand, will yet begin to hunt for the soft place in the seeker's head, the moment it is suspected that any form of feminine loveliness tints the seeker's dreams of heaven. Yet daily life may be on the poet's side, and frequently shows us that some daughter of God, whether wife, mother, sister, child, or friend, is constantly reminding us care-worn and worldly men, that this world is not the whole of God's kingdom or man's birthright.

To Dante she was the type of the divinest faculty of our humanity, the principle of womanly faith, the capacity of receiving and imparting heavenly grace, and at last she became the type of heavenly grace itself. In thus estimating his relation to Beatrice, we are not taking him out of the ranks of mortality, or exempting him from human frailty. He evidently had his share of human follies and sins, and it is hard to refrain from laughing at some of his love-poems, and quite as hard to keep from graver surmises, at some of the hints and complications as to his life, for a season after her death. Yet no theory short of what we have stated is adequate to explain the devotion to Beatrice, which, continued in spite of her marriage, was deepened by her death, not destroyed by his own subsequent marriage, in the meridian of life openly recognized as the means of his spiritual regeneration, and glorified at the close of his career in words such as woman has never before or since received from man. Beatrice died in 1290, at the age of twenty-four. Dante's earliest work, the '*Vita Nuova*,' is the auto-biography of his own heart under her influence. It seems to have been written mainly under the impression of her death, yet important passages must be dated several years later, and Dante's most thorough critic, Wegele, proves satisfactorily that the whole work must be regarded as a picture of the poet's interior life, from his first interview with Beatrice, until his vision of her heavenly appearing ten years after her death, in 1300, which was the turning-point in his career.

For an admirable analysis of the '*New Life*,' we can do no better than refer to the late articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the subject, although the critic seems to us clearly in the wrong, in dating the completion of the work in the year 1292, instead of eight years later. References in the poems and prose plainly indicate that later date, and the simple explanation is, that the whole series of memorials of Beatrice, extending from her death to her final return to him as his guardian genius, through nearly ten years of vicissitudes and aberrations, is artistically rounded into the nominal compass of about a year. The work thus is a compend of his new experience, and the unity of the fragments is preserved within ordinary poetical limits. It would be more interesting to the reader, and more comforting to the poet him-

self, to concentrate his peculiar experiences so as to make them into a kind of breviary of the heart in its love, lapses, and reconciliation.

What his feeling toward her was, his own words best tell. Listen to his description of her face in death :

‘AND while I gazed, I saw
The ladies with a veil were covering her :
And in her face, humility so true
There was ; it seemed to say, ‘I am in peace.’
So humble in my sorrow I became.
Seeing such humbleness in her expressed,
That I exclaimed : O Death ! I hold thee sweet ;
Thou must be deemed henceforth a gentle thing,
Since thou hast been united to my lady,
And pity thou shouldst have and not disdain ;
Behold me so desirous to be one
Of thine, that I resemble thee in faith :
Come, for the heart entreats thee.’

Vita Nuova, canzone II. (LYELL.)

A few words more will show his tone of thought regarding Beatrice when she had become to him a heavenly intelligence :

‘To highest heaven BEATRICE is gone,
Into the realm where angels dwell in peace,
And rests with them ; and, ladies, you she hath left.
No quality of cold, nor yet of heat,
Robbed us of her, as it of others does ;
But her supreme benignity alone.’

Who can doubt that the sentiment embodied in these words came from a deep and genuine experience ? We understand this experience better when we trace out its connection with the other steps of his preparation.

We have treated of the lover ; let us next treat of the student. Dante was through life a great student, but evidently in his early years he laid the foundation of his scholarship as well as won the inspiration to his eloquence. His adviser and, for a time, his master, was Brunetti Latini, a distinguished scholar, who had written two famous works, one in French and the other in Italian, which prove him to have been the living cyclopedia of his age. Dante's studies were mainly in the Latin literature, for Greek was a rare accomplishment, and even the favorite moralist, the Greek Aristotle, was known only through translations, while there was no important literature in the new and unformed Italian tongue. The Latin authors introduced the student to the glory of the ancient Rome, and the master-spirit of them all, Virgil, became to him the master of all human wisdom, the precursor of Christianity, and the chosen prophet of the kingdoms of this world. The same ideal power that transfigured Beatrice into a

heavenly guide, did not leave Virgil to rest in dusty manuscripts, but exalted him into a messenger of God's will. Dante's culture was apparently as enlarged as the facilities of his age and position allowed.

To what Florence afforded he added the advantages of Padua and Bologna, and in maturer years he seems to have been for a while a student at Paris, where he noted French manners, while he tried the strength of French logicians. With the wits of France he had of course a bond of affinity in the Provençal language and literature which flourished throughout all Southern Europe, and had of late been diffused in Italy from the troubadour school of the French Court of Naples. To solid learning, both classical and ecclesiastical, he added music and the arts of design, and thus through the eye and the ear he trained his pen to its picturesque and melodious skill. These accomplishments, under the impulse of his ideal passion, probably did more for his fame than all his heavy learning, and were able to give life and charm to his scholarly disquisitions. It is very evident that but for his use of the popular tongue he might have been long since consigned to oblivion, buried under the Latin manuscripts which his own hand had composed. The love that made him eloquent, made him famous, and the world may join with the poet in thanks to the fair spirit who did so much to create the language of Italy, while she took off the pedantic crust from his pen and gave free flow to his thought. Oppressed on the one side by the Germanic sway, and on the other side by its Latin scholasticism, the Italian life was awaiting its day of free utterance. The old Latin was to be the material of the new speech, and the fresh spirit of the age that had been kindling for centuries under the incentive of Germanic enthusiasm and Provençal sentiment, was to be the fusing fire. The materials were ready, the furnaces were filled with bronze ready for the casting; only the coming of the master-workman to speak—as was the old custom, the solemn word ‘in the name of God’—was waited for, and the massive old Latin flowed forth into the graceful Italian, as when brazen cannon taken in battle are cast into the form of the Graces or of a Madonna.

The education of the lover and the student was carried out by the discipline of the statesman. His position as a Florentine must have led him quite early to take a personal interest in political affairs; for at the time of his birth Florence had been for fifty years a republic, and during his citizenship, it had outstripped Rome in population and wealth, having had, according to Villani, two hundred thousand, while Rome had fifty thousand inhabitants. Before he could think for himself, the political institutions of the city had been shaped by the triumph of the Guelph or Papal-Italian party over the Ghibellines or Germanic Imperial party, and he, being connected by family tradition with the Guelphs, was in a fair position to study the dominant

policy from the counsels of its friends and leaders. He saw enough at once to stir his imagination and sadden his heart. He saw party spirit exhibited in its most fearful forms, and the murder of a political antagonist cheered as a deed of patriotism. He saw popes and kings received as guests of Florence, and read in their pageantry the manners and movements of the age. He watched the rise and progress of popular liberty in Florence, and at the age of seventeen he witnessed the final act which put the government into the hands of the people, and took from his friends, the Guelph nobles, their old prerogative. He beheld the efforts of the disfranchised nobility to regain their old ascendancy, and lost his respect for them when they set the laws at defiance, and were ready to sacrifice the republic to their ambition. He who at twenty-four had fought on the Guelph side at the battle of Campaldino against Arezzo, seemed seven years afterward to have left his party in disappointment or disgust, and by an act in strong contrast with his aristocratic nature, he enrolled his name among the guilds of the people, choosing the guild of the apothecaries, probably on account of his love of natural sciences.

Here he soon rose to distinction; was sent upon various important embassies; and in 1300, in the midst of a great civil agitation, he was called to the highest civil office in the city — the office of prior, or one of the twelve chief magistrates who ruled Florence in couples, each couple presiding in turn for two months during the year. The old parties in the city were now superseded by new factions, growing out of feuds imported from Pistoja, and styled the Whites and the Blacks from the names of the leaders. Dante showed his superiority to party spirit by advising the exile of the chiefs of both factions; yet his sympathies were evidently enlisted in behalf of the Whites when he saw the disposition of the Pope to bring the arms of France to the aid of the other faction. He undertook an embassy to Rome to intercede with the Pope to prevent this outrage to Florentine liberties. In his absence, his enemies conspired against him, and condemned him first to exile and then to death. His house was burned, his means of support were taken away, his family were torn from him, and his children, soon afterward motherless, were left to the uncertain mercies of the world. He never saw his native city again. What Florence lost the world gained, for thenceforth he became the world's citizen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHALING IN THE STRAITS OF TIMOR.

Two London whalers, the 'Diana,' Captain Hunter, and the 'Nimrod,' Captain Sharp, both commanded, and partly officered, by Americans, were cruising in the Straits of Timor in quest of sperm-whales. Captain Sharp and his boat's crew were on board of the 'Diana,' on a friendly visit, and the chief mate of the 'Diana' and his boat's crew were on board of the 'Nimrod;' so that each ship had a boat from the other towing astern. In the event of raising whales, therefore, the chances were even for the visitors. The wind was blowing a fine, whole-sail breeze from the westward, and both ships were close-hauled and headed northward.

I belonged to the 'Diana,' and though this was my first whaling voyage, I was the Captain's boat-steerer. My predecessor, poor fellow! had been killed by a young bull-whale, just after he had darted two irons into him abaft the hump. A slight tap of his flukes smashed the boat-steerer into a lifeless heap in the box of the boat, and sent the harpooner-oar whizzing in the air, without damaging the boat herself.

I pulled the bow-oar, and, with the rest of the boat's crew, naturally expected that Captain Hunter would cut adrift from the whale, and take the remains of poor Carter (that was his name) on board; but, springing forward, without an instant's hesitation, he ordered me aft to the steer-oar, and bundling the corpse under the forward thwarts, prepared to kill the whale.

'I shall kill that whale or he shall kill me,' said the Captain, as he cast a sorrowing look at the body of Carter.

The whale was rushing to windward, blowing white and clear; for the irons, though in good holding-ground, were not in a vital part. Carter had been in too much haste to fasten; another stroke of the oars would have placed the boat far enough forward to have given him a better chance. He had no doubt lost his life by darting too soon. Away went the whale, head out; in vain we tried to haul the boat up to him; for the instant he felt any extra strain upon the line, he increased his speed, making us veer out line, to prevent the boat from filling. There was nothing left for us but to wait until he became winded. At last he sounded; that is, went down, and when he came up, broke water about a hundred fathoms from the boat.

'Now, my lads,' said the Captain, 'take to your oars: don't touch the line: pull for dear life; and I'll kill that fellow dead with a lance: and you, Melville, (addressing me,) do as I order: if you hesitate a second, I'll drive a lance through you.' He seized the bow-oar himself, and bending to it with all his might, made the boat jump at every

stroke. I had never seen him so eager. The slack line overboard retarded the boat, yet she gradually neared the whale, which was pounding the water with his flukes, and sometimes breaching.

‘Do n’t fear, Melville, to go under or over him: yes, or into him: only put me where I can pump his heart’s blood out with my lance.’ Here the Captain peaked his oar, and cried: ‘Lay on!’ The chance was good, but before the boat felt the steer-oar, the whale sank his body, leaving his head only above water, opening and closing his jaws. Enraged at this failure to reach his vitals, the Captain seized the spade, and plunging it with all his might down the whale’s throat, sang out: ‘Stern all!—stern hard!’ As he anticipated, the whale fairly breached out of water, and almost capsized the boat.

‘Now, my lads, haul in slack-line,’ said the Captain: ‘I’ll be sworn he won’t take to his heels again in a hurry, though we may yet have some trouble to kill him.’ Before the line was half in, the whale commenced running round and round, as if in his dying fury. His spout, however, was clear but low, and not a speck of blood colored his wake.

‘That spade,’ said the Captain, ‘I think has choked him; but he may yet swallow it, and live a year, if I do n’t drive a lance into him.’

In ten minutes, he hove to, head out and flukes down. We pulled up to him, but there was no chance to reach his body. The ship, at this time, was hull down to leeward, and the other three boats had killed five school-whales, and were taking care of them: we were therefore alone in our trouble, and night was fast approaching.

‘I’m at a loss,’ said the Captain, ‘how to kill this fellow; and I’m determined to kill him, if I should hang on to him all night.’

‘I could kill him, Sir, while he lies this way,’ said I.

‘How?’ demanded the Captain savagely: ‘you, a greenhorn, kill a whale that old Hunter can’t turn up? Speak—quick!’

‘I’ll dive with a lance, and drive it into him.’

‘No, you won’t: old Hunter’s just the boy to do that himself.’

The next minute he was overboard: I sank the steer-oar near him, to give him a foot-shore: he comprehended the whole idea in an instant, and acted upon it with boldness and skill. Up flew the sea like a water-spout, and the Captain with it. He had driven the lance into the whale almost socket-up, and left it there. The whale breached, and the falling spray nearly filled the boat.

‘Stern hard!’ I shouted, aiding at the after-oar myself, and keeping an eye upon the Captain, who was about ten fathoms astern, rubbing the water out of his eyes. The whale now rolled over and over, cutting the water with his flukes. The chance to lance him was excellent, so I took out another lance, and leaving the steer-oar in the becket,

ran forward, and gave him a couple of darts, leaving the Captain to look out for himself.

‘Sharks!’ shouted one of the men; ‘look out for the Captain.’

I sprang aft, lance in hand. There was the Captain about five fathoms astern, and a large shark in his wake. I beckoned to him with my hand. He instantly wheeled round and faced the shark. In the mean time, the boat was backed astern with all our might.

‘Another stroke — another stroke with all your soul, my hearties, and we’ll save him,’ I shouted with all my power, hoping the noise would frighten the shark. But the monster was ravenous; he circled around the Captain, trying to strike him with his tail, and was actually turning on his back to bite him, when I sprang upon the stern sheets of the boat, and letting fly the lance, sent it through and through the monster. In his agony he bent himself into a semi-circle, and crunched the lance-pole in his jaws, then sank and rose again, lashing the water with his tail. Eventually he sank, lance and all, to rise no more. The Captain reached the boat more dead than alive. The whale was still rolling in a sea of blood, unable to spout. Another lance was bent, and the Captain after a while turned him up.

We were all that night towing the whale to the ship, which was unable to beat to windward, on account of the five whales she had alongside. Captain Hunter was so well pleased with my first essay in boat-steering, that he appointed me his boat-steerer, a situation I held the rest of the voyage. He often said that my coolness and presence of mind had saved his life; and treated me ever afterward more like a son and a friend than an inferior officer.

The first duty after breakfast was to bury the remains of poor Carter. While the Captain read the burial service at the gangway, there was not a dry eye on board; and when launched into the deep, we all rushed to the rail to take a last glance of him as he sank forever from our sight.

‘We must all follow some day or other,’ might have been heard, as we spoke to one another. But at sea there is little time for sorrow; while we live we must work. The whales were cut in, tried out, and stowed down. The young bull, which killed Carter, made thirty-five barrels, and the other five about sixty barrels. I had first seen the whales from which we obtained this fare, and received therefor a bottle of rum and a pound of tobacco.

Having told how I became a boat-steerer, I will now return to the ‘Diana’ and the ‘Nimrod,’ cruising in the Straits of Timor.

It was eight bells, (noon,) and I was about descending into the half-deck to dinner, when Captain Hunter called me to him, and said: ‘Melville, I want you to go aloft, and take a long look and strong look for whales; the chaps at the mast-heads I think are all asleep, they are

so quiet. I would almost swear there are whales in sight, for I can smell them. Look sharp to windward.'

The reason he selected me, was my luck. I had seen three-fourths of the whales during the voyage; and the ship now only required a couple of hundred barrels to fill up. It was therefore conceded fore and aft that I had the best eyes in the ship. Five bottles of rum had been won by me in succession for having seen whales. While my hand was on the swifter of the main rigging and my feet on the rail ready to spring aloft, I paused and ventured to strike a bargain with the Captain, in this wise: 'If I see whales, Captain, I suppose, seeing it's not my regular mast-head, you'll give me a bottle of rum!'

'Confound you, you'll win all the rum in the ship. You've had five bottles already hand-over-hand; but never mind — yes, you shall have a bottle of rum.'

'But,' continued I, 'suppose we get a hundred barrels out of the whales I'm going to see, won't you add a suit of clothes to the rum?'

Here Captain Sharp turned his dark, piercing eyes upon me, his thin lips quivered, and though he did not speak, his looks plainly indicated that if I had been under his command, he would have started me aloft with a rope's end. But Captain Hunter only smiled and said good-naturedly: 'I'll add the suit of clothes; now go.'

'Including boots?' I inquired.

'What!' exclaimed Captain Sharp, evidently forgetting that he was on board a ship he did not command; 'the ——' here he bit his lip, and walked to the other side of the quarter-deck. 'Yes; boots, hat, dickey, and every thing else you can think about. Away aloft.'

As I ascended the rigging I heard Captain Hunter say to Captain Sharp: 'That fellow is the best boat-steerer I ever had, and I intend to take him with me as second mate next voyage. He is a little familiar, just like the rest of the boys; we're all hail fellows well met in my ship, and I manage them without much trouble. When they have a fighting fit, I see fair-play, and when there is work to do, they go at it with a will, and so we have nearly filled the ship.'

'Every man has a right to his notions, Captain Hunter,' replied Captain Sharp, 'but I allow no man in my ship even to look black when I give an order.'

'When I was as young as you are, I had the same kind of discipline, but I have learned better since. I know now that men can be made to do more work with kindness than force. Try it, and see. Your voyage is yet young, (the 'Nimrod' had only three hundred and sixty-five barrels of oil on board,) and my word for it, your boys will put an extra pound upon the oars when you want them.'

The conversation was brought to a close by the steward, who informed them that dinner was ready. They descended into the cabin, leaving the third mate in charge of the deck.

When I reached the main-topmast cross-trees, I cast my eyes aft, and at the first glance, caught sight of a sperm-whale's spout. The next minute I was seated on the main royal-yard, a story higher than the boat-steerer, who was looking out from the top-gallant cross-trees below, and saw a large school of sperm whales headed up the Straits, about ten miles distant. Without singing out, 'There she blows,' as customary, I told the second mate as quietly as possible, and cautioned him not to sing out, if he should see them; for Captain Sharp's boat, which was already down, would have the first chance. The second mate and one of the men were in the fore top-gallant cross-trees, and though they had a spy-glass, neither of them could see the whales.

The 'Diana' was to windward of the 'Nimrod' upon her port quarter, about a couple of miles distant, and both vessels were going six knots through the water. The chance was decidedly in favor of the 'Diana.' As the whales were headed to leeward, there was no necessity for being in a hurry, especially as they had not yet been seen by any one from either ship, except myself; but when the third mate heard the captains rise from the cabin-table, he backed the main top-sail and lowered the boats, without orders, trusting to me to guide the Captain in search of the whales.

Both captains rushed on deck, and in the twinkling of an eye, Captain Hunter was over the side in his boat. As we shoved off, we heard Captain Sharp swearing at his boat's crew to haul the boat up; but before this was accomplished, our three boats had over a mile's start of him.

'That was handsomely done, Melville,' said our Captain; and by all that's lucky, Wilcox, (our chief mate, who was on board the 'Nimrod,') has the start of them too, but can't head Captain Sharp, though he'll try hard.'

The 'Nimrod,' as a matter of course, lowered her boats and joined in the pursuit, though the whales had not been seen from her. After pulling half an hour, we found that we gained upon Captain Sharp's boat, and as the whales were not yet in sight, Captain Hunter took the harpooner-oar, and sent me to the steer-oar, that I might look out and steer the boat in the direction I expected to see the whales.

The weather was clear and pleasant, with wind enough to cause a moderate swell. After the boats were clear, both ships filled their after-sails, and set their main-sails, continuing on the port or larboard tack. It was a grand regatta. Eight boats spread over a space of two miles, all pulling for our boat, which led the van. Most of the men were

naked to the loins, having nothing on but straw hats and drawers. It was then customary with whalers, when cruising in the torrid zone, to dispense with shirts. The officers, of course, wore them, by way of distinction; but even they, when stowing down oil, stripped naked. The skin, when first exposed to the sun, blisters and peels off; but the new skin becomes as tough as that of a Malay, and not unlike it in color.

Mr. Wilcox, our chief mate, a native of Nantucket, and one of the best whalers that ever headed a boat, soon passed the boats of the 'Nimrod,' and was gradually gaining upon Captain Sharp. Every boat's crew were doing their utmost, encouraged by their officers, who, while they steered, also shoved at the after-oar, bending and throwing their arms aloft at every stroke. The boats seemed to dash from sea to sea, raising the spray from their oars in circling foam.

We had pulled an hour, and yet no whales had been signalled from either ship. All this time I had been at the steer-oar of Captain Hunter's boat, and the Captain pulled my oar: 'Melville,' said he, wiping the sweat from his brow, 'you must have been mistaken in the course of the whales. We are now seven miles dead to windward; and if the whales, as you said, were bound to leeward, we surely ought to be up with them.'

Just as I was framing an answer, my attention was attracted by something under-water: 'Stern your port oars, pull the starboard: stand up, Captain: quick, spring aft: pull, for God's sake, pull!'

A large white-headed whale, bound to leeward, broke water alongside of the boat with a rush, and, before I could lay the boat on, had almost passed us. Captain Hunter, however, was nimble as a cat, and springing aft, iron in hand, let fly a pitch-pole dart. The iron, thrown point upward, curved in the air, and came down plump into the whale's back, before the hump. Up went his flukes, like a black cloud amid a shower of spray, and the next instant came down like a clap of thunder, sending the water mast-head high. Although fast, the iron was not in good holding-ground, nor had it injured the whale. Alternately head and flukes out, he rushed to leeward, and as the line flew out of the chocks, nearly capsized the boat before she could be laid round. The line, as it whizzed around the logger-head, sent up a cloud of smoke and fire, in spite of water thrown upon it by the after-oarsman. We were compelled to veer so much line, before the boat could be pointed after him, and the line put in the chocks, that we felt apprehensive of losing our lines altogether, if he sounded. Our chance of holding on, too, was rather doubtful; for the iron, though well in, was liable to tear out, as the vicinity of the hump is tender. Mr. Hall, our third mate, comprehended the state of things

at a glance, and laid his boat to head the whale, and fasten as he passed.

‘Lay on—lay on hard!’ shouted Mr. Hall; and as the whale straightened himself out, let fly two irons and a lance into him near the starboard fin.

Mr. Hall’s commanding height, his long, dark hair streaming over his shoulders, his muscular arms, bare to the elbows, and his easy but rapid motions, excited remarks from every one in our boat.

‘What a noble fellow that Hall is!’ said our Captain.

‘He’s so cool and fearless, that even death itself could not throw him off his guard,’ remarked another.

‘He’s determined to kill the whale with his irons,’ chimed in a third.

‘See,’ said a fourth, ‘he has both irons on the fly at once, and a lance too!’

Never were the weapons of death thrown from a whale-boat with more apparent ease and rapidity; but the whale, though struck near the heart, was not vanquished. He milled short round, and giving a cut with his flukes, snapped two of Mr. Hall’s oars like pipe-stems in the rowlocks, and nearly filled the boat with water. But before the spray had ceased falling, Mr. Hall gave him another lance, which made him spout thick blood. The monster made a half-breach, and when he came down, bent his body, and, giving a tremendous cut with his flukes, shook our iron out, and then went round and round in his flurry.

We hauled our line in, straightened the iron, and made the craft ready for another whale. Captain Sharp came up just as the iron drew, and said: ‘Captain Hunter, the start from your ship was not fair. I would not have served you so.’

‘Captain Hunter,’ I replied, ‘had nothing to do with it. I saw the whales, and Mr. Hall lowered the boats. But see, Captain Sharp, look to windward, there is a school of whales coming down upon us. I’ll bet my suit of clothes that you’ll get a hundred barrels out of them, if you move quick, instead of growling at us.’

‘Spring to your oars, men,’ shouted Captain Sharp, shoving at the after-oar himself; ‘pull, there’s a large whale ahead;’ and in a few strokes he led all the other boats. But we lay on our oars, knowing that the whales would never pause until they came to their wounded companion.

It often happens that only a single whale is in sight, but shortly after fastening, whales will be seen coming from all directions to see what is the matter; at least, that is the inference of whalers.

More than a hundred whales, principally cows, were coming, head out, toward the wounded whale. A fifty-barrel bull was ahead of

Captain Sharp's boat ; his boat-steerer was up, harpoon in hand ; the chance for a good dart appeared excellent, but unluckily the whale saw the boat, and as the irons were darted, curved his side concavely toward the boat, and received them harmlessly upon the wrinkled, slack skin. Off he went frightened, but not hurt, blowing like a high-pressure steam-engine. Captain Sharp dashed his hat down in the stern-sheets and jumped upon it, while his boat-steerer drew the irons in and replaced them in the crutch. Although furious with disappointment, he was too good a whaler not to perceive the cause of his boat-steerer's failure to fasten. Such a man as Mr. Hall would have sent an iron through the slack skin. Captain Sharp, a month later, said that he had failed to fasten more than twenty times under similar circumstances. Though angry, he could not find it in his soul to utter a word of reproof to his boat-steerer.

We forelaid the bull as he came rushing toward the wounded whale, and Captain Hunter gave him two irons abaft the fin, which made him spout thin blood. Down he went like a shot, making the line around the loggerhead blaze at times with friction, and we were afraid he would take out all our line before he slackened his speed. But other dangers were crowding thick and fast around us. The surface of the sea for miles was alive with whales, all making toward us ; and the large whale to which Mr. Hall had fastened was spouting thick blood, and running round and round in his dying flurry. Boat after boat came up and fastened, until all the eight were fast.

'Stern hard ; lay on ; lay off ; head on, and stern off,' mingled with some terrible swearing, might have been heard, as the boats were dragged foul of one another, or were threatened with destruction by the whales throwing their heads and flukes out.

Our bull came up, and, bull-like, made a dash dead to windward across the course of Mr. Hall's whale, nearly capsizing his boat, but the mate gave him a lance that hove him to, and made him mill round once more to leeward. He was now spouting thick blood, but was still so wicked that we could not come within lance-reach of him.

What a scene ! The sea for miles was colored with blood, the matter emitted from the terrified and dying whales, had smoothed its waves, which rolled unbroken, except where the work of slaughter was going on, and the declining sun seemed in a blaze, throwing his flames over all. The ships were yet to leeward, standing on the larboard tack, and the whales kept edging in the same direction.

Again the whales were all huddled together like a flock of sheep, following the lead of a loose, wounded cow, and the boats among them lancing. Sometimes they surrounded the dying whales and circled with them in their flurry, then sheered off and returned again, apparently seeking the protection of the bull-whales. In one of these

encounters Captain Sharp's boat ran foul of ours. He was wild with excitement, and cried out to us: 'Cut your line, your whale's foul of mine, and will drag us down.'

'Go down and be ——, then, but I shan't cut,' rejoined Captain Hunter.

'Then I shall;' and he seized a spade to dart it across our line, but before he could bring it to bear, the whales, which had been running in opposite directions, came together again with a rush, and prostrated Sharp in the body of the boat, and, at the same time, threw his after-oarsman over-board. He held on to the spade, and was on his feet again in a twinkling. By some unknown process his whale had cleared ours, and dragged his boat more than a mile away before heaving to. We were still in the heart of the school, sometimes raised almost out of water between two whales, and at other times shrouded from view in bloody water thrown up by the whales as they breached or pounded with their flukes.

'O God!' groaned a voice in agony alongside of our boat. I turned sharply round, and saw a man in the mouth of a loose whale. Instinctively I grasped the after-oar and rammed it down the whale's throat with all my might, then seized the man by the legs and dragged him into the stern sheets of our boat. The whale let go of him the moment the oar reached his gullet, but broke the oar in splinters, and went down. It was Captain Sharp's after-oarsman. In the confusion the boat had been dragged away before the man was missed.

The old whale had ceased blowing; the blood rose and gurgled through his spout-hole, his flurry had slackened, and slowly he went round and round, wavering from side to side, like a water-logged vessel, as if at a loss upon which side to turn up; then spasmodically making a final dash out of water, he turned over, fin out, headed toward the sun, and died. He was no doubt the patriarch of the school, and was leading them to other feeding-grounds when we intercepted him. He produced ninety-five barrels of oil. Mr. Hall, satisfied with his day's work, soon took the dead whale in tow toward the ship, about three miles to leeward.

Our bull, though spouting thick blood, was racing round among the cows, giving an occasional flourish with his flukes, scattering the bloody water in all directions, and making the sea curl along the sides of the boat, and foam over the bow. On he went at the top of his speed, utterly reckless of all in his way. Bump he would rush against other whales, dragging us after him; nothing impeded his course, or seemed to slacken his speed. Unluckily, one of the boats of the 'Nimrod' was crossing his course: the mate saw him coming, and gave him a lance in the head, but the next second the whale capsized

the boat, and made a cut at her with his flukes. Here were six men afloat, but we did not cut to pick them up. Fortunately, the mate, who was fast to a cow-whale, cut the line, as he felt the boat going over, and when all was clear, soon righted her again. Two of her gunwale strakes only were broken.

The five other boats were all huddled together; their headsmen swearing at each other to cut loose, so that their boats might work clear; but clear work was impossible. They had cut and refastened so often, that all their harpoons were buried in the whales. Some, in their eagerness to improve the chance of killing, had darted irons with drags attached to them, into loose whales, and these were rushing about, the drags furrowing the water like a spent shot. When the boats became foul, their lines were unhesitatingly cut, and the men began to lance wherever they had a chance. Cows and calves were coursing side by side; young bulls were breaching and cutting with their flukes; but still the work of death went on. Over twenty school-whales were turned up, and not a boat was fast to one of them.

Our bull made a few more circuits after he capsized the boat, and then turned up, fin out, alongside of Mr. Hall's whale. Captain Hunter immediately took charge of both whales, and sent Mr. Hall to put waifs into three school-whales that were dead near us, and to call our chief and second mates from the fray, to take care of them. They were vying with the captain and the officers of the 'Nimrod' in killing whales, and did not seem to reflect, that we had casks to hold, at most, only a couple of hundred barrels of oil. When Mr. Hall reached the scene of action, the cry was still: 'Lay on: head on and stern off: look out for your oars: bail away,' etc.

The sea was blood-red for miles; sharks and killers were mingling in the contest; oars were smashed, and boats almost capsized or filled with water; and whales were circling in their flurry, or running from one group to another, evidently looking for their leaders. Reluctantly our chief and second mates obeyed the Captain's order, and followed the third mate, to take care of the waived whales.

Captain Sharp immediately followed our example. He saw that there were more whales turned up than he could take care of; for the weather was very hot, and they were liable to blast before he could try them out. But a very large school of whales still lingered near; several calves followed their dead mothers, even alongside of the ships, and played around them for hours.

The sun was still two hours high, and the ships were favored with a fine, whole-sail breeze, which enabled them to work up to the dead whales. By sun-set, we had our five whales in the fluke-ropes, shortened sail, and made preparations to cut in without delay. The 'Nim-

rod' was about five miles distant, and had sixteen school-whales alongside and astern.

The young man I pulled out of a whale's mouth, was bruised and cut, but none of his bones were broken. Immediately after I hauled him in, Captain Hunter tore his own shirt—the only shirt in the boat—into bandages for his wounds. He lay in the stern-sheets of the boat, until we reached the ship, and was then conveyed to the cabin. We had been too busy to spare a boat to send him to his own ship.

After supper, and a stiff glass of grog all round, we went to work cutting in. This was our last fare: cheerily went the windlass round, and lively were the songs we sung, as we rolled the blanket-pieces up to the main mast-head.

Two small calves lingered near us, sometimes nestling alongside of their dead mothers, then frisking with their flukes, or half-breaching or running off in a circle and returning at full speed. They passed through schools of sharks, which were feeding upon the slivers and flesh cut from the whales; but neither sharks nor the noise of our jovial songs, the gleam of deadly spades nor the clanking of windlass-pauls attracted their notice. Their affection seemed stronger than their fear. Nor did they leave the ship, until the dead bodies of their mothers, stripped of blubber, had been cut adrift, a prey to sharks. After twenty-four hours of incessant labor, the whales were cut in. When the blubber-room was partly filled, we commenced trying out. The 'Nimrod's' fires also blazed brightly during the night. No one on board our ship closed his eyes to rest for thirty-six hours; yet not a whisper of discontent was heard from any one. We were working for ourselves, as every one was, by the lay or share.

Our whales stowed down about two hundred and five barrels of oil, and filled every spare cask. We were full ship, with two thousand six hundred barrels of sperm oil on board. Not only did I receive the bottle of rum and suit of clothes, for having seen the whales; but all hands had a jollification, when the ship was cleaned, at the Captain's expense.

We put into Batta Gatta, a small bay on the north-west coast of Timor, to refit for the homeward passage. A few days before sailing, we were joined by the 'Nimrod,' which had 'picked up,' as the whalers say, five hundred and sixty barrels of oil before the whales disappeared. Neither Captain Sharp nor any of his boat's crew, knew what had become of the young man who had been thrown out of the boat, and who was now on board our ship.

F R O Z E N T O D E A T H .

[*'An unknown woman was found frozen to death, near the corner of Second Avenue and Fiftieth-Street, yesterday (Monday) morning. The following description of her person was given by the police: Deceased was about nineteen years of age, medium height, slightly built, regular and pretty features, light hair, neatly braided, and large gray eyes. An inquest will be held to-day.'*—*Morning Paper, Jan. 11, 1859.*]

Frozen to death, so young and fair,
Regular features and large gray eyes,
Flaxen hair,
Braided with care,
Slender body, as cold as ice;
Who knows her name,
Her story, her fame:
Had she a good or an evil fame;
And who in Charity's name's to blame,
That a girl so young yields up her breath,
Frozen to death?

Second Avenue — Fiftieth-Street?

These are streets of a Christian city,
Trodden each day by Christian feet
Of men who have store of money and meat,
And women whose souls are pure and sweet,
Filled with truth and ruth and pity:
There is a church, with slender spire
Pointing gracefully up to the sky
Pointing to something better and higher
Than any thing open to mortal eye:
All Sabbath time
The sweet bells' chime
Rings from the steeple,
Calling the people
To come to prayer and praise beneath:
On Monday morn,
A young forlorn
And hapless girl yields up her breath,
Frozen to death.

There is a mansion costly and tall,
Built for pride and plenty and pleasure —
Hark to the music that bursts from the hall,
And watch the shadows that dance on the wall,
As the dancers dance through their merry measure.

The purple curtains are waved aside —
Peep through the window, and see the throng
Of the young who amble and leap and glide,
And the old who watch them with looks of pride:
There are junketing, jollity, jest, and song,
Careless, thoughtless, happy throng;
Careless of right, yet thinking no wrong,
As the gilded hours flash along:
Why should they grieve
On Monday eve,
Though on Monday morn,
Ah! fate forlorn!
A fair young girl gave up her breath,
Frozen to death?

A lovely lady is driving this way,
With velvet and satin and furs bedight:
Fine and warm is her rich array,
With its ample folds and colors gay,
Proof 'gainst the cold of the coldest day:
And her eyes are brimming with liquid light,
For she looks on her lover who sits by her side,
In the carriage that grandly rolls along:
What wonder her face is glorified
With flushes of hope and joy and pride,
Since she is lovely and he is strong;
And thus at noon they pass the spot,
Yet heed it not,
Where at early morn
A poor forlorn
And hapless girl gave up her breath,
Frozen to death.

O men! who have store of money and meat,
And women whose souls are pure and sweet:
O worshipping thousands! who weekly meet,
And prayer and praise and text repeat:
O young! who amble and leap and glide,
And old who watch the young with pride:
O lovely lady! driving along
In your carriage grand and clothing gay:
O lusty lover! so tall and strong,
Tell me, I pray you, if tell you may,
In Charity's name,
Are you to blame,
That in a street of a Christian city,
With none save God to see or pity,
A fair young girl yields up her breath,
Frozen to death?

ONE OF THE NIGHTS OF MY LIFE.

I BELIEVE there is some Latin commonly used by men, when they commence such narratives as this ; but I, a woman, with more nerves than scholarship, always shudder in good strong English, as I pray, and not in any grafted tongue or foreign phrases.

I have often thought, when, as is the wont, by the bright fire-side in long evenings, stories of ghosts and goblins, witches and winding-sheets, are going the rounds of a hushed and tranced circle, I would tell of a strange terror which once befel me ; but when I have essayed to speak, my heart has failed me, and my lips have grown rigid. I will try it now upon paper, and alone in the not over-bright room, that my weakness may have no witnesses.

In the winter of 185—, my husband ‘set up his tent’ in a small town in the upper part of a Southern State. I mean to say, that having attained the dignity of husband and father, he crowned his manhood with the exalted state so pleasantly described by Elia, in his essay on ‘House-Keeping.’ I was past twenty, and aspired to look matronly ; and my lord was enough my senior — he had attained a quarter of a century—for age to have its due influence in commanding my respect.

I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, but I must be allowed a digression. The Scriptural injunction of submission on the part of wives, implying the necessity of so much respect for their husbands, has always struck me ‘in this point of light.’ As I read the Bible, I find in it no commands laid upon us to do that which our natural hearts incline us to do. We do not find it enjoined upon mothers to love their children, or their children’s father, to whom they are bound by the sweetest bonds in life. Husbands, however, are commanded to love their wives, which I assume to refer to the inferior capacity and natural wrong tendency of men’s hearts ; and not at all, as my husband declares, to the lack of attraction found in the character of wives. And in the submission which wives are to render, must be the element of a profound respect, not naturally commanded by man since the time that Eve saw she could tempt man from his highest duty ! Again, I beg your pardon, and let me assure you that, whatever I may say about the necessity for these commands, I believe in obedience to him. Really, how much easier it is to say things on paper !

And what a digression from the pleasant house in M —, where I found myself mistress of an establishment that should have satisfied a reasonable woman, at any time. The house was a little remote from the principal streets, and the grounds around it occupied four or five acres. I am coming to have a very definite idea of this word, ‘acres ;’

for I am told that our present possession in land, is just the eighth of that measurement ! A superb grove was in front of the house, and at its sides and behind it great trees over-topped it, while a lawless yellow jessamine, climbing up by the tall columns, lay over the roof in masses of green and gold, indescribable to one who has never seen that most gorgeous of vines. In the sun-shine under which we first saw the house, it was apparently the cosiest, most sheltered, sunny place we had ever found. But when we came to take possession, neither golden flowers nor glad sunshine gilded our cage ; and when night set in — an early, long December night — the blackest shadows that darkness ever sent forth, settled down around and upon and almost within the old mansion.

Before you can comprehend the details of this most true history, you must become acquainted with the position and construction of the house. It was approached from the road by a semi-circular carriage-sweep, and as if its former inhabitants never issued forth except in state, the only gates were those of the great carriage-way, which opened easily enough, but shut again with a resounding clang. The road within the gates was broad, and distinctly defined, even at night ; for it was covered with white pebbles upon a bed of white sand, so that in the evening, objects could be seen upon it as far as we could see the road itself ; but that was only to the curve upon either side, after which, the shubbery of closely-planted rose-bushes and wide-spreading Cape jessamines quite concealed it from view. In the triangular corners of the grounds, and within the space inclosed by the road, there sprang up toward the beautiful skies of that glorious land the graceful Pride of India, and stately old oaks of living green upon whose ancient branches the mistletoe rested in daring luxuriance.

From the house to the center of this grove, there was a direct path-way, terminating in a cleared space very fantastically laid out in flower-beds. But flowers, poor things, had not the heart to live under the frowns of those hoary trees, who usurped their sunshine so remorselessly. Only some violet-roots seemed to have taken hold, and in spite of frowns, the modest little flowers, secure in the innocence of their unpretending natures, had dared 'to make sunshine in a shady place.'

A water-fall in that dim recess would have completed a charming sun, or moon-light picture, could one have been managed there ; but as it was, charming when the sun was oppressive, cosy when the winds intruded every where else, and weird in moon-lighted nights, the centre of that grove, in dark and stormy nights, was the place whence goblins went forth to ride upon the howling wind, and witches issued on ancient broom-sticks. I would like to have seen you persuade man

or maid in our house, to go there then, where positively nothing existed but those meek little violets!

The house behind all this array of trees and shrubbery, was low, large upon the ground, rambling far back, and spreading at the sides at intervals, as convenience or whim had dictated. There were also laundries, smoke and store-houses, and offices innumerable. Thirty servants had once had accommodation on the premises, and tall palisades were found, where a hundred turkeys might be cooped at once. Such length of stables, too, indicating a breadth of hospitality peculiar to the South, and, in our country, never elsewhere realized.

When we took possession, the place had been tenantless for three or four years, and wore a sadly dilapidated aspect. So many spiders had set up their tents before us, so many flies had domiciled on the ceiling in former days, that I was quite in despair. Fences and gates without, were thrown down and shattered; blinds flapped idly against the windows, to the detriment of slats and glass; and bats asserted their right to the occupancy of the hollow roof of the colonnade. These last, we never quite succeeded in dispossessing, but often had visits from them in the long summer twilights, even in our sleeping-apartments; and I learned in time, not to jump or scream at the unceremonious salute their wings would give our heads as they flew by us. There were certain cows who found it agreeable on the sunny side of the house in winter; stray cats that looked at us as intruders on their accustomed haunts; an ill-fed pony who gave us a sullen glance, as he foresaw his feast on the side-lawn ended; and long-nosed pigs who perversely persevered in poking into the hyacinth-bed in the great garden for esculent roots. These visits and visitors, a little well-directed attention to our surroundings enabled us to dispense with, in a most dignified manner; for although I was not 'born to love pigs' and cows, I had no spite against them, and insisted upon a ceremonious ejection.

Before the house, large pillars rose to the roof, forming the colonnade to which I have referred, and from this colonnade two great doors led directly into the rooms, one opening into the large drawing-room, and the other into the dining-room, which was also large, ill-shaped, unfitted for its use, and so full of doors, and holding also the stair-case at the lower end, that it was, in fact, only a huge hall or ante-chamber.

This style of architecture, ignoring the virtues of halls and lobbies, is peculiar to the South, where so much time is spent by every one upon the shady piazzas and galleries, that a formal entrance is not considered essential to the privacy of home.

There was a story in the neighborhood, we found, that this old house had never been quite tenantless. A great white winding-sheet, enveloping the ghost of a woman, had certainly been seen by former

mistresses or maids, upon the landing-place of the wide, low stair-case which terminated in the dining-room described above, not a yard from the door of my sleeping apartment.

'Now, Missus, you may laugh, ef you dar to,' said my full-of-faith informant; 'but ole Aunt Joice, she said she seen it jes the night afore Missus Carelton died; and Dad July, he was goin' up dem stairs, wid his armful of wood, de very night little Mass' Dan Carelton died, and sure as you lib, Missus, dere stood dat same ghost ob a white woman, wid jes such a little chile in her arms as Mass' Dan was.'

I did not laugh again: I knew the faithful old creature had dearly loved the Carelton family, to whose heirs she yet belonged. She and her husband had lived there, to keep the place during its desertion, and now had been willing to engage in our service, the more readily, that my baby 'was so much like Mass' Dan, when he was little pica-ninny.' Dear baby! from that house a white-robed angel bore his sinless spirit to the bosom of Jesus, and Aunt Rose wept for him also loving tears.

But to return: 'If you really believe this, Rose, I beg you will not tell Crecy or Celie, or even Young Tom — Rose's husband was always 'Old Tom' — and do not let my husband's young sisters hear of it, for it might make them foolishly afraid; even if there is a ghost, it probably belonged to the Carelton family, and will never appear to any but members of that house. You will do me a good service, by saying nothing more of this.'

'Certainly, certainly,' said the old woman; 'but I'se glad I'se only cook, Missus, and never has to go up dese stairs: Ole Tom say he'll keep clar of 'em, too.'

Now, I was neither as old as Methusaleh nor as wise as King Solomon, myself; but I did not believe in ghosts or witches; and prided myself upon having no superstitions. The trifling exception may be made, that I would a little rather see the new moon over my right shoulder than my left; and in my childhood, if my foot tripped in walking, I considered whether it was my right or left, that I might know what my welcome was to be! However, after this, I was careful to go up-stairs with a more certain light to guide me than the moon-beams, distorted and broken by the branches of the trees, and shifting in a ghostly dance as the wind swayed the trees to-and-fro.

One night, just about twelve o'clock, and when all the family was asleep, I put aside the book which had beguiled me into such late hours, and taking a lamp, went up-stairs to an old-fashioned clothes-press, which stood in a room close by the upper landing. Remembering Aunt Rose's story, as I stood so near the ghostly haunt, and at the same time, the hour of the night, I flung to the doors of the clothes-press in my indecorous haste, considering the company I might have

near me, and turned toward the stairs with the swift, spasmodic movement which indicates a thrill of fear. The draught made by the doors extinguished my lamp. The upper hall was full of moon-light, but the partial shadow of a projection of the wall lay upon the landing of the stair-case. In my rapid and incautious movement toward this place, my foot caught in the badly-fastened carpeting, and I came very near plunging down-stairs. As I recovered myself, I distinctly heard in that haunted place the delicate rustle of a woman's dress. My own dress was a soft cashmere, and quite noiseless as I moved; but this rustle was like fine cambric or lawn trailing on the floor. For the space of a moment, I stood perfectly still, and held my breath. Again I heard that tender rustling sound, as of a fine fabric sweeping toward me. A gust of the fitful wind rattled the door opening on the balcony, and a window-blind swung to with a crash. A great hush followed. The very shadows stood motionless on the wall, the wind had sunk so. The clock in the room below struck twelve. It seemed as if there was an interval of minutes between each stroke upon its bell. *Why* I waited, I cannot tell; but in the dread moment which followed, the sound was heard again, at my face, at my feet, surrounding me: I strained my vision toward the dim landing, for thither it proceeded, and there I heard it dying away. I did not wait longer, but rushed over the landing and down-stairs to my own room, as if Hecate herself had been behind me with her impish brood. The next time I wanted an extra blanket, I was careful to secure it early in the evening.

On the following day I began, after considerable hesitation, to tell my husband of my adventure, and was proceeding to ask him what could have caused that mysterious sound, when I caught sight, in the mirror, of his averted face, and saw on it such a quizzical expression, that I ran away in great confusion. I was certain he thought me a little fool, and was laughing at me; and this was the more intolerable, that his comfort on an unusually cold night, had been the cause of my expedition.

I always shall believe he told the story to his young brother, Harry; for how, otherwise, could Harry have known of it? and that he did, was proved by his last prank, the very evening before he went home. He coaxed his youngest sister to wind him up in a sheet, and raising his hands as high as possible over his head and clasping them together, he thus formed a head for the witch, whereon was fastened a cap surmounting the staring eyes and grinning mouth, formed by bits of cloth ingeniously disposed upon the sheet which covered his hands. Thus made up, he posted himself upon the dreaded stair-case landing, and Nell having been drilled in her part of the play, summoned the household, one by one, and with various excuses, up the stairs.

Such screams and yells and tumblings down-stairs as followed, I cannot describe. Old Tom was off the back-piazza before I reached the scene; but I heard his teeth chattering, and he was trying to say a prayer, I suppose, for purposes of exorcism; Crecy lay on the floor at the foot of the stairs, upon her face, and was groaning, 'O LORDY! O LORDY! LORD forgive me, poor black sinner.' Her two little ones stood staring with fingers in their mouths and immense eyes glaring at the ghost; even Young Tom had just taken to his heels with a yell that might have roused spirits at any hour.

I went up-stairs, and said in a loud, angry tone: 'Harry, stop this mummery. You have been the occasion of more trouble to me by this caper, than you could undo by a year's service. I have no patience left with you.'

'Why, is that you, sister?' said the mischief-maker: 'I am sorry you did n't make me up to-night: you fix me so much more comfortably than Nell does. What, really angry? When did it get wicked to make slim-witches? It's only a month since you helped me yourself!'

I did not choose to tell, even to him, why I was so unwilling to have the prank played there, and to such spectators. Well I knew to my sorrow, the difficulty I should always have to get wood or water carried up-stairs, or a guest's comfort looked after by a servant, after the shadow of evening had fallen on the stair-case landing.

We had been in the old house almost two months, when the incident for which I began this narrative took place. My husband had been absent from home a week, and yet another week must elapse before his return: his only way of reaching us, when he did return, would be by the rail-road, whose down-train came in at noon. Our family consisted of ourselves and child, my husband's two young sisters, and at this time, a friend was also with me — a young girl, but older than my sisters.

It was a stormy day in February that had just closed, and as we sat around the tea-table, Old Tom came to the door, and requested a 'pass' for himself and Young Tom, to go a merry-making at some distance.

'There will not be any one there such a night as this, Tom,' I said, for the wind was howling fearfully through the trees, and the rain came in sheets.

'I can't stay for dat, Miss Nelia: I plays de fiddle for 'em, and I never missed, rain or shine dese fifty years, when I 'se promised.'

'But Young Tom need not go; and I shall feel better, to have one of you on the lot to-night. The storm is so terrible, I do not like being left alone, and Mr. Eastbrook not at home.'

'LORD lub you, Miss Nelia, what be *you* feared on? We'll come home jes as soon as it's ten o'clock; and ef dem black niggers in de kitchen dar can't keep you safe, dey ought to be flogged, ebery black soul on 'em.'

I saw the old man had set his heart on going, and that Young Tom was as anxious to be off as his senior, so I wrote:

'LET Old Tom and Young Tom pass till ten o'clock.

'CORNELIA EASTBROOK.'

With which precious document they went away, facing a storm that would have made them beg to stay at home, had an errand of mine been on the carpet instead of their own pleasure.

As Loulie went to close the piazza-door after them, she heard Old Tom say: 'Guess Miss Nelia 'fraid of dat ghost, eh, boy?'

'Afraid of a ghost, indeed,' said I. 'What an impertinent Old Tom!' And then my friend Agnes began to tell about a school-mate of hers, whose timidity had been practised upon by herself and some others of the school, by various pranks; and Loulie gave us a long ghost-story, and I involuntarily gave them the history of my adventure on the stairs. As I finished my foolish recital, Nell started up, saying: 'Hark! that was the gate shutting: who *is* coming here to-night?'

'Run to the window, Nell, and look down the road.'

'Not a soul: oh! yes, here he comes, with soul and body, too, I reckon.'

'White or black?'

'I can't see: he is not quite in the light from the window yet, and it's awfully dark. Why, how queer he acts: he's stopped right still.'

'What, standing there in the road? Get out of the way, Nell, and let me look from the window.'

'O sister Neelie, sister Neelie! it's a tall man; and he's gone right down the path to the flower-beds. What *does* he want here to-night?'

We all crowded around the window, and looked in vain for his reappearance. Five minutes passed, and no one came. We began to laugh at Nell, and tell her she was mistaken.

'Mistaken! I saw him as plainly as I see that supper-table. A man wrapped up in a great-coat, with something tied around his neck, and he went straight down that path.'

But as she spoke, the gate went to with a clang again, and then we heard a man's voice calling. He was immediately answered by a voice from the grove, and the intruder came out from his retreat and went the way he came, toward the gate, very rapidly. Again the gate was heard to close, and the two had evidently gone off together.

Not one of us spoke during this period of may be two minutes, but it seemed to us an age. Then I unfastened the band that held back the

curtain from the window, and let its heavy folds shut out all sight. A few deep-drawn breaths indicated our relief, and Loulie said :

‘I am going to be sure the drawing-room door is locked, and then we ’ll have this all safe. I declare I do n’t want any more such visitors here to-night. What could that man have been after ; what was he doing here to-night, and with a comrade so near?’

‘Crecy,’ said I to the woman who was removing the tea-things, ‘be very sure you lock this front-door after you have brought in the mat. There, go and do it at once, so that you will not forget either to bring in the mat or lock the door.’

And we all went together to my room, where, taking my baby from the nurse, I sent her out to the kitchen to get her supper. We heard Crecy finish her work in the dining-room, and then both of the girls went out of the back-door, which Nell ran and locked after them, saying : ‘Now I ’ll defy any one to get into this house this night, unless we let them in.’

We drew our chairs very cosily around the fine hickory fire ; I placed my sleeping child in the crib, and took out my work from my well-filled basket. ‘Do get the new volume of Hawthorne’s, Loulie, and read aloud. It’s too unsocial for you and Agnes to bury yourselves in that everlasting chess such a night as this. Did you *ever* hear such a wind — hark ! there go more bricks from the drawing-room chimney. I believe that tall china tree must strike the chimney when the wind blows so furiously ; do remind me to tell Frank of it when he comes home.’

‘I wonder what those men were doing,’ said Nell.

‘Oh ! let the men alone to-night : they went off finally, and we have n’t heard the gate since.’

‘Well, I just defy them to get into this room,’ said little Nell ; ‘there’s only that one door into the dining-room,’ (the room was in a wing, and communicated only with the dining-room, as I have said.)

‘But, Sister Neelie ! where is the key of this door gone ? I do believe that was the key I saw Celia give to baby the other day, and he carried it up-stairs in his hand. I was just going to lock the door.’

‘Lock the door indeed, what a goose you are, Nell ; do n’t Sister Neelie sleep here every night with the door unlocked, and no one in the room but that sleepy-headed Celia ? Do sit down, we want to read.’

And Loulie read from Hawthorne some of his weird stories. It was a bad selection to make that night, however. Hawthorne’s power is an uncanny one. We all felt as if under some supernatural influence. Now and then Nell dropped her work and looked steadily in the fire, her eye large and full of flame, as she would turn to me and whisper : ‘Did you ever hear such a wind — it shrieks like a fiend.’

We had read till about nine o'clock, I think, when Loulie put the book down, saying: 'It's worse than all the ghost stories I ever heard concentrated into one. Ugh! the cold chills run over me. How late Celia is in coming in; she must have finished her supper hours ago. I wish this wind would stop.'

And she had her wish, for as she spoke, the wind ceased suddenly its loud roaring, and we heard only the sighing and soughing which comes in the intervals of the gusts on such nights as that.

'Ugh!' said Loulie again, drawing up her chair nearer to Agnes, and in the silence which followed, we drew up closely, for we all sympathized in the cold, shivering symptoms which Loulie had described, and keeping very still, listened, we did not know for what. In this breathless silence we heard very distinctly the gate shut with that startling clang, and a sound of voices before the house. At that moment the tempest rose again, the great trees crashed and bent before it; the moans and groans with which the wind went round the house and came down the chimneys commenced anew; the rain dashed against the windows; the heavy roll of more falling bricks was heard, and above all this, a man's loud and hoarse laugh. Again the silence came, and we sat still and looked in each other's pallid faces, and did not speak.

A thousand thoughts rushed through my mind. There was not in all that town one person whom we could expect to come to our house on such a night as this, for any purpose of good. It was known that we had two good, trusty men-servants about the house, so no one would be likely to come to see if we needed help, or were afraid in such a storm. Beside this, we had not become intimately acquainted with any one who would have taken upon himself so friendly an office. Neither would any one be likely to send to us for assistance; or if a servant came, he would come in by the side-gate in the lane. It was certain that there were men about the grounds—doubtless now prowling about the house. It was known, perhaps, that my husband was absent, and some ruffians might have possessed themselves of the fact of the men's absence also. They certainly had gone off just as Nell saw our first mysterious visitor come in.

It was so still without at this moment, that we heard the steps approaching the house. There was a pause, as if the person were undecided which end of the long colonnade to ascend. Then we heard him at the opposite end, by the drawing-room; there were five steps in the ascent, and we heard resound through the house the heavy tramp, tramp, tramp with which that ascent was made. I wish, by any art of my pen, I could write down the sound of those heavy feet as it echoed under the high roof, and rang in dismal notes on our ears.

Then there was a pause of a moment; to us it seemed so long! and

we heard the man go to the drawing-room door and try it as only a man could, with a strong grasp. He found it resisted his effort, and stopped; then he tried it again, more noisily than before. 'A bold intruder,' I said to myself; 'a stranger here certainly, or he would know that door is never left open.'

'There he goes,' said Nell, starting up. Even so, he certainly was going down the steps, and — welcome sound! — his foot-steps were heard more and more faintly upon the gravelled road.

'There is no ghost about him, at least,' said Agnes, the bright color resuming its place in her sweet face.

'I would rather face a ghost than a wicked man to-night,' said I.

'Well, I should like to have the chance to ask him what he wants here, and what all this performance means,' said Nell.

'I'd like to see you muster up courage enough to ask,' said Loulie. 'You who even wanted to lock this bed-room door.'

'Why, of course I wanted to keep him out if I could, but let him once come in, and see what I would do!'

'You may have a chance yet to ask him what he means,' said Agnes. 'I have not heard the gate, and — Do n't you think, Neelie, you hear those foot-steps again?'

Hear them! That we did. Faint as the sound was, thunder could not have smitten upon our senses as fearfully as did those advancing steps!

'Nell, sit still; where are you going?'

'I was going to see if Crecy really did lock the dining-room door.'

'Certainly she did; is n't she the most faithful of servants?'

'Faithful as any of them,' said Nell, in an under-tone.

The steps were again upon the colonnade, and again we had no breath for words.

The man had his hand now upon the dining-room door. He was fumbling about somewhat after the fashion in which we 'find the key-hole' in the play. The thought came into my mind, and I gave a nervous little laugh, which made them all look at me in astonishment.

'What shall we do?' whispered Nell.

'What shall we need to do,' said I shortly: 'the house is locked up and every window fastened. He could n't well fly up to the balcony door with all the ponderosity those steps indicate.'

The handle of the door was struck as I spoke. With a firm grasp it was turned, and the door yielded and opened!

How horror-stricken we were I shall remember till I die. Agnes Hale's fair face was utterly pallid. Nell had sprung to her feet as if she would in truth face the intruder, while poor Loulie sat still, with a vacant look, as though all her senses had forsaken her.

Meanwhile, after a momentary pause, that heavy tramp came down

upon the floor of the next room, hardly muffled by the carpet. The light under our door was sufficient to guide the man, and he made directly towards us, only striking the table in his route, and making a great clatter of dishes.

'Confound it!' we heard him mutter between his teeth, and we knew from words and tone that we had to fear a white man's ruffianism: no negro speaks like that. As he touched the lock of our door, we all sprang up. I remembered afterward, our simultaneous action, and the tableau we at once presented: Loulie buried her head in the bed-clothes just behind where she had been sitting; Agnes had advanced to the door and, pale as death, applied her slight shoulder to it, as if she could form a barrier, Nell standing in the middle of the room, had caught up the light chair, and was holding it in such a position that it would soon have reached the head of our dreaded visitor.

I think I did the very most foolish thing I could possibly have done. I took my warm, sleeping baby out of his crib, and throwing up the window near which it stood and which looked out to the kitchen, I shouted in a voice hoarse with fear, but powerful as a man's in the strength given me by my agony, lest harm should come to my child: 'Celie! Crecy! come take this child.' Again, as their slow movement maddened me, I yelled rather than screamed: 'Celia, for God's sake take my baby! Aunt Rose, O Aunt Rose! come take this child! Celie! Celie!' But I was too hoarse to call again. The man had not opened the door, but we heard him fumbling the lock. The wind and rain were unabated, and in the fury of that blast I was holding out my tender little baby: had not the window been too high up, I could have jumped, or I would even have dared to throw the child, but none of this could I do, and there in the wide kitchen-door stood the three women, Crecy's gaunt figure, Aunt Rose's portly dimensions, and the shrinking form of Celie. They neither stirred, nor spoke; they said they were sure I had seen the ghost, and they dared not come to the house.

Oh! what an immensity of time passed in the stillness with which we awaited the opening of the door; I felt the perspiration streaming down my face; I drew my baby up to me in an embrace which might have been given to a dying child — and then I shouted, in most unearthly tones: 'You fools, come here this minute! Start! I shall throw this child out if you do not come, instantly! instantly! Celie! Celie!'

But surely the door had stirred a crack. I turned from the window and stared at its movements. Yes, an inch open, I heard the heavy breathing of a man, an odor of brandy or whiskey was penetrating the room. Another inch — a large hand came in, and an open Bowie-knife was in it.

‘God help us, my child! my child! O my husband, my dear Frank! where are you? Save us, merciful God! Why, how still he stands! that immense hand! that horrid blade!’ and other mental ejaculations relieved the agony of my suspense. I stood quite motionless, my baby strained to my bosom, and my heart stifling its throbs. Then I saw Agnes Hale slide from the opening door to the ground. I knew she had swooned, and I was thankful. Loulie had long ago lost ears and eyes and tongue, and little Nell still had the chair brandished in her brave hands.

The door was opening, and very slowly, for poor Agnes was stretched behind it, and her rigid form must be pushed aside. With a sudden motion this was done, and a large man, with a masked face, stood in the door-way, and his foot crushed the golden curls as he stepped. No one shrieked, and impatient of our muteness, the mask was torn off, and Sam Eastbrook, my husband’s brother, was in the room!

I was now too angry to find words in which to express myself. I gave him no word or sign of recognition, and placing my frightened child in his crib, I went to poor Agnes Hale and lifted her bright head on my lap, while I asked Nell in a voice I strove in vain to make steady, to get me a glass of water. Loulie looked up as she heard my voice, and said shudderingly: ‘O Sam! how could you do such a thing!’

But Sam’s great and just punishment fell on him when he saw the white face of Agnes Hale, his Agnes, for she was his betrothed. He bent down, and in spite of my indignant attempt to push him away, he lifted her in his arms, as I would have lifted my baby, and laid her on the bed. He did not say a word; his lips quivered, and his face was clouded with an expression of remorseful anguish which told me he was reaping the reward of his folly. We bathed her hands and her brow, and I saw Sam press his lips to the bright curls on which he had set his sacrilegious foot. I began to pity him, for under his reckless, fun-loving, mischief-making nature was a heart full of womanly tenderness, and with all that heart he loved and idolized his betrothed.

At length she heaved a faint sigh, and the violet lids began to unclose; she looked up, and seeing who was supporting her, she tried to call his name, and whispered feebly: ‘You will save us.’

Poor Sam! he buried his face in his hands, and hid there his shame and remorse. I went to my child, who was getting impatient of my neglect, and Loulie spoke to her brother; Nell was too indignant yet to address him.

‘Sam Eastbrook, what possessed you? You might have had to answer for two lives to-night! Sister Neelie was just going to throw Willie out of the window, or jump out with him in her arms, I do n’t know which, while Agnes might have lost her senses, if not her life.’

‘Hush, hush, Loulie,’ said Sam, and he shuddered visibly.

‘But tell me, how long have you been here; what a horrid fright this has been! Another hour of such terror ——’

‘Another hour! why, Loulie girl, it is not fifteen minutes since I first came in, and then hearing my horse trying to break loose, I went back and tightened his fastening to the fence.’

‘Where did you get that mask, and why did you hold open that awful-looking Bowie-knife? I wish you would n’t carry such a knife, Sam; and above all, do tell me what makes the room smell so of brandy?’

In spite of Sam’s unfeigned contrition, he could not resist a slight suspicion of a smile as his lively sister rattled off the details of his preparations to frighten us. But he answered her questions one by one, in this wise: ‘The mask was an old one we have been using at Hal Prentisse’s, where we have been having tableaux for a week past; as for the knife, I believe I am no worse than other young men in carrying it — no one carries any thing else; and the brandy may come from my breath. There — no airs now, Lou — I am not drunk, whatever else I am.’

‘But the brandy?’

‘Well, the least I can do now is to answer questions. Just as I was coming up to the gate, a man ran up with a flask and gave it to me, saying: ‘I’ve run ’way from Mass Harris’s, and I can’t run anoder step. De marshal is arter me, for carrying brandy dere to-night to help along de dancing and Ole Tom’s fiddle, and ef he catch dis nigger or fine dis bottle whar I ’se run, I’ll take it stiff ’nuff, for true. So please take de bottle, young Mass’r,’ and thrusting it into my hand, he ran on, while I laughed heartily at the adventure. I tried its quality, Lou, because I was drenched through, and I knew the liquor would do me good rather than harm.’

‘You did n’t know which door to come in?’

‘How should I? This is my very first visit.’

‘I hope it will be your last, if you can’t make yourself more welcome,’ I said angrily.

‘I beg your pardon, Neelie,’ said Sam earnestly and seriously. ‘I would a thousand times rather have staid out all night in this tempest than have done what I have. I did not think you would all be so frightened, or that Agnes was here even,’ and he looked tenderly on the pale, sweet face which lay before him. ‘You cannot blame me as much as I blame myself, and never, never will I play another trick to frighten women. This is a solemn vow.’

The next day we heard from a neighbor of the trouble Mr. Warren’s Bill had given the marshal by carrying liquor to the ‘candy-pulling’ given in Mr. Harris’s kitchen; and Old Tom told us that even when he

was going out to go to Harris's he met Bill's comrade waiting for the negro who had run into our grove to hide with his brandy-bottle because he knew the marshal, who was aware of his lawlessness and his propensities, was watching on the road for him to pass.

Sam Eastbrook kept his word, and he cherishes now his gentle Agnes with all the tenderness his great heart is capable of, while we forgive him for the sad fright he gave us on that terrible night.

SONG FROM GOETHE.

Up yonder on the mountain
A thousand times I stand,
Leant on my crook, and gazing
Down on the valley land.

I follow the flock to the pastures,
My little dog follows them still;
I have come below, but I know not
How I descended the hill.

The beautiful meadow is covered
With blossoms of every hue;
I pluck them, alas! without knowing
Whom I shall give them to.

I seek, in the rain and the tempest,
A refuge under the tree;
Yonder the doors are fastened,
And all is a dream to me.

Right over the roof of the dwelling
I see a rainbow stand,
But *she* has departed forever,
And gone far out in the land!

Far out in the land, and farther —
Perhaps to an alien shore:
Go forward, ye sheep, go forward!
The heart of the shepherd is sore.

A DREAM BY A DESOLATE HEARTH.

It was many years ago. A dull, ghastly, lowering day; a day when the angry sky had veiled itself in thick and murky clouds; when the wind was heavy and hoarse with vapor, although no moisture laid the dust that covered the white and thirsting streets; when a strange, distant, furnace-like glow was reverberated from a circle in the overhanging pall behind which the sun was hidden; when gloom sat visibly on every passer in the street, and even the singing-birds in the windows were cowed into anxious and fluttering silence. But the day, with its stormy portents, was in harmony with my feelings; and as I re-entered my desolate dwelling, I looked up to the frowning blackness with a smile.

A few minutes before, I had stood in the midst of what might have been mistaken for a garden: I had stood silent beside a narrow trench. A crowd in mourning-raidment was around me — friends, relatives, strangers, with uncovered heads and downcast eyes — I knew it, but I saw them not: two things only could I see. One was a white-haired man, in white apparel, from whose mouth were issuing in bitter mockery (I shrieked it inwardly to myself) phrases of comfort and celestial hope. The other — O my God! — the other! *That* was a narrow, stifling box, fair on the outside with glistening varnish, shining with burnished nails and bright with silver plates; smoothly planed, and polished like a mirror — what had it to do upon the moist and crumbling soil? Why, O stooping sexton! dost thou motion now to thy two attendants, and, with thy gray locks streaming in the sultry wind, stand watching them, as they lower down the painted casket; down, down, till the topmost nail is gone from my sight, and it rests with a hollow murmur upon the earth? Why dost thou sprinkle it with damp and careless handfuls from the heap before me? Why are these people leaning forward: what is there for them to stare at: why am I standing, motionless and stupified, here? . . . Listen! that white-haired man: what is he mumbling over to himself? Was it not *he*, yes, he himself, who, less than two years ago, made something one with me, and bade me put a golden ring upon its finger, and placed its hand in mine? And now does he stand before me in the self-same vestments, and call it dust and ashes, and hurry it from my sight? Is this what he promised me there before the altar: is this the wedding to which I brought that ring? . . . Look at that worm, writhing and damp and glistening: see how it buries itself in the soil underneath the spade! Upon what dainty, I wonder, was he feasted last — upon what will his next banquet be?

Ah ! he is silent at last, that man in the surplice, and the grave is nearly filled. I feel the crowd is moving hence, and I know that each, as he turns to go, looks furtively at me : I look at the grave. Splash in the earth, my merry brothers : sweat, and wipe your brows, O buriers of the dead ! Throw in the stones ; press them down with your spades and mattocks ; jerk the larger ones aside ! The heap is rising ; already it is time to place the broken tufts of grass atop : I am touched upon the shoulder. I turn, and the sexton tells me I had better go away. Without doubt ! Wherefore should I linger here ? What is there that should fetter me to this spot ? There is something in the old man's face — a sort of cunning, hang-dog, half-request — ay, I know its meaning ! He has covered up and stamped upon and hidden all my happiness : shall he not therefore drink my honor's health ? It were unreasonable to dispute his right : grin, therefore, old, wrinkled spadesman, mumble over, hug, caress this minted magic ; and I will go.

As I have said, I looked up to the thunderous sky as I reached my door, and smiled. I know not what my thoughts were then : my mind, indeed, seemed completely vacant, and I scarcely comprehended where I had been. As I entered, the house-keeper — she too was dressed in mourning — looked at me, and burst into tears. *My* eyes were perfectly dry ; and I sat down opposite the empty fire-place and the picture, as calmly as I had seated myself there a thousand times before. Nothing seemed changed : the same noises sounding in the street ; the same ornaments on the mantle-shelf ; the light breaking in through the shutter, as heretofore ; the books arranged on the rosewood shelves that she had purchased ; and yet the world was all so different ! Gradually my scattered thoughts returned, and commenced revolving around one central point : I rehearsed with infinitesimal minuteness all my wo. The neglected hoarseness ; the chill ; the fever ; the patient suffering ; the hopeful tranquillity ; the final unspeakable horror ; the coffin ; the grave ! The coffin ! The grave ! I must have repeated those words many hundred times : they chimed in with the ticking of the clock outside ; and their monotony at length threw me into a heavy sleep.

It appeared to me afterward, that the moment I fell asleep, I found myself in imagination upon my own death-bed. I lay there, rigid and motionless ; my eyes were half-shut and filled with darkness ; but I was able to distinguish the forms of those who surrounded me in heavy silence. I tried to move, but the weight of a ton of lead appeared to be concentrated upon every muscle and every joint : I strained my ears, but I was unable to catch a single whisper ; even my eyes were fixed. My physical powers were utterly gone ; yet strange to say, my volition and my mental faculties remained unimpaired. Gradually, however, I felt them lose their vigor : my mind, as it seemed, contracted and congealed ; and the words, ' I am dying ! When shall I

draw my last breath ? ' which by some strange process were obtruded upon me, I mentally reiterated, with but dim apprehension of their purport. Centuries went by, I thought, as I lay in this condition : every minute must have seemed a year ; but the figures around the bed grew dimmer by degrees, and faded at length into mere blurred spots and lines ; the pressure of an arm about my neck became less and less sensible, (almost my last sensation was one of indistinct wonder whose it might be,) when suddenly I felt a flash of awful strength. I raised myself up, as if in health ; for an infinitesimal portion of a second, I could behold and comprehend every thing around me — the frightened faces, the familiar furniture, the eager eyes of my pallid wife — and then a glow of crimson light flooded the apartment, a startled cry rang in my awakened ears, a throb like the shock of an electrical battery pervaded my frame, and I fell back — dead !

A rush, and a crash like the flight of a million tons of granite from a volcano's mouth ; a quick, sharp roar, as of all the ordnance that has ever existed discharged simultaneously with the concentrated thunder of a world of storms ; a light as fearful as if the sun's fire-ocean were to descend in one single measureless ray ; and I found myself gently floating, airy and impalpable, above what had been my body. One instant only was I permitted to gaze upon it, although I was possessed by a powerful desire to view more nearly the discolored and flaccid features which so lately had been my own ; and in the next, the silent death-room had sunk away, and I was borne swiftly upward through the unresisting air. Despite my disembodiment, I retained all my earthly feelings and associations of thought, although my intellectual powers appeared to be immeasurably increased ; and I gazed on the retreating planet with all the interest of a worldly being. As I ascended high, and ever higher above the abodes of men, I saw the earth spread out beneath me like a giant's map. Cities rolled up and melted into dusky specks ; great rivers lost their breadth and brilliancy, and dwindled into wavy lines of white ; fields and pastures, moors and forests, ran confusedly together, and clashed in a dim and neutral level of undistinguished tint. Still, in my upward flight, the prospect widened : not countries, now, but continents lay beneath me : rivers faded, mountains shrank and withered, cities disappeared. The earth began to slope and round itself into a huge ellipse, mottled with Europes and Africas, spotted with islands here and there. A few minutes more, as I shot rocket-like above the atmosphere, nothing was visible but a huge and slightly-luminous mass, from which I turned my eyes away with strange indifference. A moment afterward, when I looked again, a formless, unfathomable cavern of mist lay alone beneath, and I was rushing still through illimitable space. Then came a terrible feeling of loneliness upon me — a dread of myself and unutter-

able anguish — and I quivered with fear. In my terror, I shrieked aloud, and the scream reverberated through the vaults of the universe, and encircled me with awful echoings; while above and below and around me, it was again caught up, till the very chasms of creation were choked with sound, and my voice was tossed back and forth, and hurled onward and around me, by demon voices, (so I whispered it must be) from sun to sun. I cowered and shivered, as the frightful echoes were bellowed through the infinity of nothingness, and my spirit-senses were strained to the uttermost, in the vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of something other than flying and unfathomable cloud. Still the voices screamed and thundered, drifting in mad gyrations like the eddyings of a storm-rent maelstrom, dashing their waves of sound against me, and whirling me around with unceasing waverings and hoarse renewals of the unearthly roar. I was alone in the air-ocean of the universe. Who can describe — who understand the unspeakable terror that descended, like a second death, upon me? I was all brain and spirit, yet possessed of bodily attributes and sensations, and the fear which came upon me, as the voices swept through my substanceless being, and I looked in vain for a revelation of relief to the sardonic arch above me, chilled and benumbed and dizzied my spiritual intelligence, until I lost all consciousness, and fell. My upward flight was checked, and in its place was substituted a descending rush, a whizzing through the thin air that surrounded me, till it hissed and seethed into furious heat; and I recovered from my swoon to find myself bathed in an ocean of invisible flame. But as I stretched out my hands amid the intolerable heat, and listened tremblingly for the voices that had vanished, my eyes caught sight of the planet I had quitted, shining tranquilly and smilingly, innumerable miles below. The sight brought back at once my courage, and an invisible influence restored my previous motion.

Henceforth, I felt no terror; for whenever a feeling of uneasiness was heralded in the shrinking of my mind, I glanced at the distant radiance of the earth, and felt assured. Thus, then, I floated upward, ascending still through measureless inanity; but the protection of my mother earth enshielded me, and wrapped me in security, until a billowy splendor shone suddenly around me, and I entered imperceptibly the precincts of the sun. It was as if I had gently floated into an ocean of lambent flame. In giant mountains and valleys of undulating light, the solar cadence rose and fell, heaving tranquilly as the bosom of a fathomless and windless sea, while the radiance deepened in intensity, the waves in motion, as I still sped onward through the ineffable quiet of the flame. Brighter and still more brilliant it grew with every moment, as I was whirled resistlessly onward, till in a moment I found myself circled and over-arched with vaults of solid fire.

I felt no heat, no terror in my breast ; but as I steadfastly looked before me, (for I had on a sudden become stationary,) I beheld the shadowy outline of a gigantic portal, arching in awful curves, and spreading in tremendous but serene expanse through myriads of unmeasured miles away on either side, to the limits of the solar being.

Vaguely arose the wondrous masonry of fire, in solid shafts and volutes — each one of which would have sufficed to span the pigmy earth — in vistas of awful and dissolving distance, in vaults that seemed to dwarf the immensity of the heavens through which I had been borne. Here, as a mote in the aisles of some vastest mundane cathedral, I floated like a ship at rest. But the voiceless grandeur grew oppressive, and I sickened again in terror of nonentity, and quivered before visions of baseless dread. Once more I opened my lips to shriek for succor ; but the cry of agony passed forth unuttered, and instead, there swept through the glowing billows a wave of rapturous sound. Grandly converging, it rolled in upon me, transfusing my lonely being with melody, wrapping me in voiceless music, transfiguring me with palpitating strains. The harp of the CREATOR gave forth its loftiest vibrations, and flame and portal and mighty arches vanished, and I floated only in the music of the Sun ! Ceaselessly changing, breaking now in passionate, dithyrambic flood of sound upon my faculties, now heaving in measured and melodious tumult, or dropping, spreading, whispering in transcendent calm, the ineffable harmony flowed upon me, and purified my essence of its last vestiges of dross. The music ceased ; and once more the grosser glow returned, but the portal had disappeared ; and I became conscious of ethereal shapes that gazed upon me, and at length I heard a voice. For a few moments two winged ones conversed apart ; but shortly placed themselves before me, and I saw them. Celestially beautiful was the shape of either : this with glad blue eyes, shining without a shadow beneath seraphic brows ; and that one with the mournfulness of calm serenity, the embodiment of compassion and hope. Not as the speech of mortals was their language, yet it fell familiarly upon my ears. The fair-haired gazing on me intently, while the darker one extended his aerial hand, as if to grasp me, said : ‘ O Spirit ! thou that hast been borne into the presence of infinity, and hast waited at the gate-way of the OMNIPOTENT, and hast been renovated and perfumed in the chanting of the seraph-choir of God, art given to me for guidance and support.’ The shape was silent, and again there rolled around me the flood of everlasting song. But the dark-browed seraph lifted up his voice, and in clear and awful accents, bade me gaze upon him. As I obeyed, a tremor chilled me, till the brother-spirit lent me courage with a touch. ‘ To me,’ the dark-browed slowly said, ‘ thou hast been partly given also, for thy instruction and reproof. I and this other are united and

separated to all eternity. If either touches either, there is an end to both; but to me, for a penance, it is given to be severed by the fiat of OMNIPOTENCE from my brother, and to wait in the vestibule of perfect happiness the decrees of the MOST HIGH. I am he whose breath, when it falls on mortals, robs them of the spirit that this my brother has infused. Side by side we are sent forth through the universe, he giving, I taking — both helping, cheering, saddening, darkening, bringing helpful sorrow or hopeful joy. Only a little while ago I covered thee with mourning, and thou forgottest that my brother here, the fair-haired, was near thee still. For this thou hast been guided hither, that thou mightest bow before the wisdom of Omnipotence, and suffer chastening of thy instructed spirit. Know, O mortal! and let thy presumptuous impatience take heed, that where either of us passes, close beside him is the other also. As the clouds that thou seest above thee, in thine earthly pilgrimage, when the north wind chases them through the heavens; as the unity of day and night, ever joined, yet ever parted, is our imperishable union. Therefore repine thou not, nor blame immutable decrees: rather be comforted in the faith that where one of us hath passed with sorrow in his hand, the other followeth with healing wings.'

The seraph was once more silent, and the angel of life, gazing with heavenly kindness on me, bade me lift my hand. I obeyed; and straightway there was a roar as of a cataract of oceans, while the radiance and the music rushed thunderingly upward, and rolled together like a scroll of parchment, and vanished in the over-hanging vault. Again I was suspended in the midst of the nothingness of Creation, but my guides, invisible now, remained. The soft-voiced seraph spoke once more. 'To thee,' he sang, 'it has been granted, O favored mortal! to stand in the presence of my brother Death, without feeling his destroying touch; and to sweep from thy earthly resting-place for a little while within hearing of the abodes of God. But not yet is thy labor over, not yet may my brother lay his hand upon thee, and bid me stand aside. For a moment only hath thy soul — thyself — been set free from the clod that shrouded it, and hath tasted of the immensity of the CREATOR'S realm. It hath felt its nonentity amid the cycles of creation; thou hast cowered in thy dwarfishness on the high-road of the light of God.' And the sternly beautiful angel of Death began: 'Yes! thou hast been chosen by inscrutable wisdom to be purified and cleansed by sojourning for a season on the verge of the unspeakable; and now it is ordained that thou shalt return to the planet whence thou hast been led. See that thou keep in mind, amid the littleness of earth, what knowledge thou hast gained of the grandeur of the skies! See that thou forget not the lesson that hath been

vouchsafed to thee, nor spend in murmuring, the opportunity that is given thee for praise.' The seraph was silent, and he of the brighter form laid a hand gently upon my forehead; then I knew that both the invisible companions vanished, and from above me floated down receding melody, joyful and sad in strange intermingling, growing less and less and less, and melting into silence at last by slow degrees.

Swiftly, then, I sped through the blank illimitable void. Rushing along through the ocean of light, I was borne near and nearer to the verge of material creation. I entered the stellar spheres. I was impelled no longer through inanity. The universe grew alive with planets, and whirling systems sang around me as I passed. Vistas and avenues of stars fled past me; streaming rays of mighty light enwrapt me in transitory splendor; pallid comets whirled along, and glared upon me as they passed. Onwards still I sped, and soon the starry world began to fade in faint and scattered luminousness behind me, while in front the rolling folds of atmosphere were cloven by the distant glimmer of the earth. Comet-like myself, I struck the outer verge of the encircling atmospheric ring, and now the prospect broadened once more into a terrestrial view. Again I looked upon the panorama of the globe. The silver crests of Andean ranges pointed, needle-like, toward me; vast silent expanses of silvery blue stretched immeasurably around the tortuous continents and insular masses that arose in darkling contrast from the seas. Now I am borne hither and thither, and I see the flashing light of the sun behind me, as it speeds more swiftly than myself to play on the hill-tops and the rivers and the sparkling silver of the sea. The earth appears to leap toward me as I near it. Soon I recognize the outline of my country.

The forests spring from the misty dun of the expanse; cities, villages, monuments shoot out to meet me, like massive tongues proclaiming my arrival. Now I see the foam-crested billows of the Atlantic, and the white-winged messengers of commerce that glide over them, followed by the sunny breeze. The tumult of the busy street next floats upward and around me; the great city lies immediately below; suddenly it grows dark—I feel strangled, stifled, violently compressed and pinioned—the prison of the body is once again my motionless receptacle. Through half-closed eyes, and with confused hearing, I perceive that I am in the death-room that I quitted when my upward flight commenced. I am all alone. There is a horror in the silence, in the closed shutters, in the whispering that I hear by the door. It opens, and a weeping figure enters; my wife presses a kiss upon my clammy forehead; O God! were I a Titan crushed with mountain piled on mountain, I could have made no more desperate and futile effort to move an arm, a hand, an eye-lid. Horror of horrors! I am

alive, and yet dead ! I feel that if I can utter the faintest sound I am saved — my lips refuse to move so much as by a hair's breadth ! Presently the weeper leaves me, and again I am alone. Unspeakable agony rends my soul in fruitless endeavors to assert its existence ; and soon the solitude is again invaded. Men approach the bed-side where I lie ; they place on a table a long, unlovely casket, burnished and adorned outside, lined softly with satin within. Mourners fill the chamber ; the motionless corpse is lifted heavily and starkly from the bed, and laid with quiet gentleness in the hateful coffin. Now the mourners crowd around me for a final, silent glance. I recognize them all. There is my brother—he with the hard, calculating face, we have been estranged so long, and now a struggling tear glitters in his eye ! Here is one dear friend, there stands another ; this school-fellow of mine is weeping bitterly, that acquaintance maintains a decent simulation of grief. They all make way for one slight figure who bows over the imprisoned form, and silently weeps. Then the crowd recedes a few paces. A gloomy, black-bearded man, in rusty mourning apparel, lifts a long, angular board ; in one instant more I shall be shut out from the world and the light. Then despair settles upon me, and despair that numbs me with dread more horrible than even the reverberation of my own spirit-voice had caused me in my upward soaring. The coffin is closed ; the grating of the screws, as they fasten it forever, follows ; unless I shriek for help I am to be buried alive ! A clammy sweat, that is not of death, breaks from my forehead, and still the screws are driven deftly in, while I am dumb. On a sudden there is a scream, and the golden shape of the seraph of life awakens my eyes to returning light. The lid is wrenched from above my face, my wife is about to clasp me in her arms — and the vision vanished, as I awoke.

I sate before the fire-place, where I had sunken down : but at my side stood my infant's nurse, and the child, as she held it, stretched out its tender arms toward me, with mouth and cheeks and chin all dimpling into happy smiles. I had been awakened by the infant's cry.

As I clasped my child in my arms, I knew that I had not dreamt in vain. Truly, the unconscious infant saved me from despair, as in my dream I believed I had been saved from a horrible sepulture. As his cry awoke me from uneasy slumber, so his being roused me from inane repining ; and when I lean now on his arm, and trace in his countenance the lineaments of the mother whom he never knew, I remember the teachings of the seraphs who visited me in my sleep.

THE CESTUS OF COMMERCE.

TELL me not in amorous measure,
Of the cestus VENUS wore :
Woman's prized but fatal treasure —
Fatal gift for evermore.

There's a belt of grace and beauty,
Zones the city's waist so fair :
Draws the world to love and duty,
Makes the prize worth loves to wear.

There are links from out the ocean ;
There are links from out the land,
Wrought by labor and devotion,
Fashioned quaintly strand on strand.

Here the pine from frozen Norway,
Nodding o'er the rising flood :
There the wines of far Tokay,
Shed for us their reddest blood.

Dancing o'er the summer wavelet,
Persian dyes inwrought and bright ;
Beauteous pearls all deftly set,
Bring from France imprisoned light.

Islands send their breathing spices ;
Thibet wools embroidered fine ;
Gems, enchased with rare devices,
Snatched by Toil from envious mine.

Iron, spun in tissues cunning,
England works upon the band :
Threads from Gallic looms are running
Through the woof their silken strand.

Tell not, then, in amorous measure,
Of the girdle VENUS wore,
Belt of loose and wanton pleasure —
Fatal zone for evermore.

There's a girdle that the nations
Belt around the city's form :
Links supplied by Toil's creations —
Wrought in sun-light and in storm.

'Tis a belt of grace and beauty,
Zones the waist of Commerce fair :
Draws the world by work and duty,
Loveliest belt our earth can wear.

K H E M I .

‘ — præterea Nil.’

‘WHAT is Egypt?’

And the Professor looked up at me over his spectacles and oracularly responded: ‘Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and Caliphs, pyramids, sphinxes, and obelisks, mummies, scarabees, and hieroglyphics, vermin, crocodiles, and papyrus, and six hundred miles of the Nile—that’s Egypt,’ and down went his head, and his eyes were again exploring the pages of the fourteenth volume (folio 1502) of *Fungus de Rebus Inanibus*.

‘Umph! rather Delphic,’ muttered I, and then ventured to arouse old Lacon once more. ‘My revered instructor,’ (my address was somewhat in this fashion,) ‘you have most felicitously embodied much history, art, archaeology, zoölogy, botany, and geography in a single sentence. You have reached from Menes to Said Pacha, and from Philæ to Rosetta in ten seconds of time, and have thus given me another proof of your philosophic and comprehensive thought.’ When I had thus lifted his head up again, and drawn wrinkles of complacency from his mouth-corners upward, I proceeded on the other tack. ‘But pardon me, if I still complain of Egyptian darkness, for while I am well aware of those external features of Mizraim which you have so graphically grouped, it is the soul, the heart, yea, the intestines of Egypt, which baffle my intelligence, and hence, honored Mentor, my question. What meant that anthropotherian mythology? Whence came Egyptian civilization? and what was its value? and what was Egypt’s mission (forgive the word) in history? These were some of the interrogatories included in my question, ‘What is Egypt?’’

Off went the spectacles, Fungus was closed, and the Professor, rising from the chair, grasped my hand. ‘Not a vain curiosity, but philosophy! Sit down, Sir, and let us talk of the field of Zoan and the land of Ham.’

The Professor was now in his element, and I composed myself to listen.

THE PROFESSOR’S MONOLOGUE.

‘You spoke rightly, Sir; no apology, Sir; ‘mission’ is the word, Sir. Every nation has its mission, and when that is performed, the instrument is laid aside to oxydize. National oxydization is a part of the system. The mission of Egypt was, as brother Ham, to keep off Shem while Japhet grew. If it had not been for Pharaonic and Ptolemaic thorns in the sides of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and Syria,

Europe would have been Shemized again and again. Egypt was conductor for extra Asiatic electricity. So when Rome was big enough to take care of itself, Egypt shrank up with nothing more to do. Rome's 'thank ye,' for this long guardianship was truly Roman and Polyphemic; 'I'll eat you last.' You see, my inquiring friend, that Sesostris, Shishak, Hophrah, *et id genus omne*, were merely watch-dogs over the infancy of our own kith and kin. Think of that thankfully the next time you float under Shekh Hereedee, or stare at the wall-figures of Medeenet-Haboo. So I've answered your last question first, and now let us advance backward to your civilization query.

'*Ex pede Herculem.*' Doubtless our learned Switzer could, given a tooth, construct a megalosaurus, an ichthyosaurus, or any other long-named monster, but what is very rational in comparative anatomy is very risky in archæology. Yet it has been the fashion to erect huge castles of civilization upon very fragmentary data furnished by Egyptian monuments. Our good friend who lectures to us now and then on the 'Lost Arts,' even went so far as to turn a boat at anchor in the Harper's Tomb into a complete steamer, and with a couple of parallel blocks of granite made a grand junction railway between Koptos and the Red Sea, both perhaps in use when Cambyses blew up old Syenite Rameses with gun-powder. This won't do, my boy; figures, they say, can't lie; and Egyptian figures, I suppose, are included in the apophthegm. Why should *they* lie that read them? Search the Biban el Molook and Abd el Koorneh, till you know every sculpture and painting by heart, squeeze Manetho, and pump Herodotus' priests, and learn the hieroglyphs, and you'll get no more than a semi-civilization at best, an Oriental mixture of barbarism and progress, quite fine for B.C. 1859, but quite meagre for A.D. 1859. Take the mechanical arts. A colossus is to be moved. It is shoved upon a sled and dragged by ten-score men at a dead pull. Where are wheels, levers, pulleys—where cranes, derricks, and steam-engines? Take the religion. Next to India in grossness of conception and gracelessness of expression, is the Nile-land. Dog-headed gods, ram-headed gods, hawk-headed gods, bull-gods and crocodile-gods crowd the Egyptian Olympus, and provoke a fetish-worship. Take the customs. The conqueror chops off the hands of the slaughtered enemy, and heaps them up as his trophy; the mourner smears his head and face with mud; the people live with the beasts, and use their hands for the filthiest offices. Where is the literature that Egypt has left for us? Where the science? Where the art? Magniloquent inscriptions, embalming, the architectural slope, (which expresses itself in obelisk, pyramid, and pylon,) that is all, bespeaking a civilization verily, but nothing very astounding. Yes, it was a civilization, and doubtless indigenous, not Meroe-sprung. (The upper Nile is not a likely spot

for civilization to grow rank.) It was a civilization to match that of the Tigris and Euphrates. It was a civilization good enough to Cecropize and Danaize Greece, which paid the debt a hundred-fold a thousand years later in Ptolemitizing Egypt. In short, it was a civilization between the Aztec and the Chinese. Now, Sir, your second question is answered. Your third (I should say, your first) inquiry touched the mythology. Men grow mad before a vail. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. The Eleusinian mysteries and the Π.Δ.Κ. of our college, each in its own sphere, are successful cultivators of the imagination. Owls, that say nothing, are very wise. An ibis alighting on the sand-bar near your dahabiyeh is very pretty, but very comprehensible; but an ibis mummied in a jar, nay, a whole pitful of ibises mummied in jars — ah! that's a mystery. An ibis shot by a rifle is nothing but an ibis; but an ibis swathed and worshipped is the gateway to the infinite. Wolves and cats, ditto; dogs and vultures, ditto; cows and sheep even, ditto. Nobody understood this principle better than Jannes and Jambres. Hence nine-tenths of your anthropothery; the other tenth is traditionary truth, the beast-head denoting a quality of the deified hero. Amun is old father Ham himself, whose filial descendants made him their *Deus opt. et. max.*, and put a ram's head upon his shoulders as a memento of his *pecunia*, his large interest in the wool business. Brother Japhet's European children treated their father with equal distinction, and as Japetus in Greece and Jupiter in Rome gave him a high place in the theogony; and because of his fair Caucasian complexion as compared with his brethren, they made white a color sacred to him in their rites. To complete the picture, Shem as Shemesh (the sun) was the prime deity among his Asiatic posterity.

'After Amun come a crowd of later hero-gods, whose deification and hints in their worship are all we have of their history. Thoth, Phthah, Kneph, Re, Osiris, Isis, Horus, Apis, Serapis, Athor — these were all warrior-shepherds and shepherdesses, like their ancestor, and so they appear with a shepherd's crook in hand, that mysterious emblem of power which has suggested so many labyrinthine theories. And just so I might speak of Maut and Khonso, Mandoo and Atmoo, Sothis, and Sokari. But enough. I only wish to tell you that Egyptian mythology is no more profound than mythologies in general, all of which are explained by two or three simple principles.'

Here the Professor paused and felt for his snuff-box. I had listened with unalloyed delight to this Œdipodean elucidation. Be it Alexander's sword or not, the Gordian bother was at an end, and I chuckled as I did when I first heard how the Dendera Zodiac tumbled the Frenchmen over. You know that the great Zodiac on Athor's ceiling ranked A No. 1 among the Nilotic mysteries. It told of a golden age some seventeen thousand years ago, in which temple and zodiac were

constructed. *There* was the sun, *there* was the little hole to let him peep in upon the map of his annual voyage, and there was the astronomical calculation. What more could you want? And so they blew up Moses! After a while some foolish fellow went in with a light and read the name of the founder, somewhat thus:

TI. CAESAR. D. AUG. F. AUGUSTI.

an individual, whom the French savans had some scruples about making excessively pre-Adamic. As I shouted at the Frenchmen, then, so I now lifted up my voice at the Professor's radical view of the monuments. 'Bravo! what a raid on Egyptology!'

Stopping the pinch half-way to his nose, the Professor looked at me with surprise. 'A raid on Egyptology! you misinterpret me, Sir. I honor Egyptology; I love Egyptology. I would only unburden it of its meretricious ornaments, and give it a modest and more attractive garb. A raid on Egyptology! Why, Champollion and Rosellini were my instructors, Lepsius, Seyffarth, and Wilkinson (spite of their differences) are my friends; and then there's that mummy up-stairs, dumb as it is, contradicts you.'

I confess I was somewhat taken back at this apparent change of front, and, as the snuff was reaching its goal, I interposed a fender to his objurgation. 'May I trespass, my valued Mentor, farther upon your time, and obtain your views on Egyptology, which I so rashly and so ignorantly misrepresented. I had supposed that if there were no mystery, the whole fraternity of decipherers were unofficed, and I felt quite ready to bury Lepsius under a heap of fingers, noses, and such like, which his ruthless hammer knocked off at Luxor and Karnac. But your remark checks me, and I am puzzled.'

The Professor reluctantly arose from his chair after a glance at his watch, which was as large as a clepsydra, and thus-ed: 'My young inquiring friend, if mystery be simply undiscovered truth, there is much mystery in Egypt; but if mystery be something supernatural, novel in genus as well as species, something solar, lunar, stellar, rather than terrestrial, then I assert that Egypt is as plain as Texas. But my hour for lecture has arrived, and a hundred unfledged moral philosophers are by this time awaiting my coming. I must leave you, but let me put into your hand a ms. of mine on the subject you are investigating, a ms. which I destine to a posthumous publication, in order that I may avoid the buzz of a hornet criticism, all sting and no honey, too formidable to be ignored, and yet too paltry for combat. Cowardice, say the down-beards. Wisdom, says silver-locks. Farewell.' And the worthy man, having taken a roll from a cupboard shelf, and having placed the same in my hand, hurried away to his daily duty. When the Professor had retired, I lit a segar, unfolded the ms. upon

the green-baized table, and came out at the peroration in two hours. I cannot give you the whole, for neither time nor memory would serve me, nor can I verify my attestation to the rhetorical power of its hortatory parts or the scathing fire of its controversial portions by quotations, as I was obliged to omit the body of the pamphlet in copying, to make sure of the head and tail, which I now respectfully introduce with title-page and some passages of the Introduction. The Professor's ms. :

Egyptology,
OR
THE IMPORTANCE OF EGYPTIAN LORE
TO THE
DEVELOPMENT OF CLASSIC AND HISTORIC KNOWLEDGE.
BY
— — —, ETC. ETC.

The American ear is not peculiarly prone to listen to the past, or to entertain a music that has not a metallic jingle. I am aware, therefore, that my voice vibrates upon a very few tympana. My audience might be larger if I should cry, 'Choice lots at Memphis,' 'Rare water-privileges at Lycopolis,' 'Contracts for paving Thebes for sale;' but I prefer the small appreciative company who gape for wisdom rather than gold, and who are not worshippers of Jupiter Mammon. History is a right gracious queen, smiling sweetly while she rebukes, and those who turn their faces toward her, not only learn but love. That these are few, is the world's misfortune and fault.

The answers to Infidelity on its own ground, are results of patient historic investigation. God's Revelation is not to be buttressed by science or philosophy. It is independent of, and above all else. God speaks to me, and needs no earthly mediator. But if Infidelity manufacture gins and traps out of distorted facts, wherein weak souls are ensnared, it is becoming to check this presumption by revealing the fallacies which lie at its basis. The beauty of the Parthenon needs no argument, and yet blind eyes must be opened to see it.

The ethical and political problems, of which history furnishes the key to a solution, are manifold, and touch our individual interests. There lie examples and principles, all for the gathering. Each century increases the dimensions of the historic mine, and demands new labor; but each century likewise enlarges the veins of gold and furnishes increased facilities for their working. Civilization, with its limiting laws, showing human weakness, folly, and sin, and forming *a priori* arguments for Revelation, by its negative thrusting us over to the positive, which is not human — this doctrine alone, if she taught nothing else, should draw us to the feet of Clio.

And why not an æsthetic study? Are there not galleries in History's palace full of sculptured and pictured groups, before which we can sit in the rapture of admiration? Is not History a Muse? Is not the Scandinavian Walhalla a truth? You may have your landscapes in the Present; but if you would depict *man*, you must leave the changeful Now, and seize the crystallizations of the Past. And, moreover, has not HE, who made this world a Kosmos, also guided its human history by similar æsthetic laws?

We have long done homage to Greece and Rome. This is natural, and not wrong. They are the sources of our æsthetic and political knowledge and status in large measure. But as the Sultan to-day brings the Nile-water to his seraglio for his imperial use, we must remember that the fountains of the Inachus and Cephissus were of old filled from the same Nile; that Argive and Athenian acknowledged Egypt as the mother of their civilization. The Argive Io wandered to Egypt a *cow*, and her descendant, the Egyptian Danaus, came back to Argos a *man*. Moreover, let us remember the Græco-Egyptian union, in which Psammitichus, and afterward Amasis, figure, the Hellenism of the Ptolemaic dynasty, the Alexandrian centre of Greek literature, and the Cleopatrine alliance with Rome, when the beautiful queen took a serpent to her bosom (teste Cæsarione) long before her acquaintance with the famous asp. But all this leads us out of our introduction to

CHAPTER FIRST.

If we take Herodotus alone for our guide in the matter of Egyptian history, we obtain the following table of kings:

	MENES.	
	Three hundred and thirty kings, the last of whom is	
B.C. 1309.	{ MOERIS, SESOSTRIS, PHERON, PROTEUS, RHAMPSINITUS.	
	{ CHEOPS, CHEPHREN, MYCERINUS, }	built the pyramids.
	ASYCHIS.	
B.C. 800.	{ ANYSIS, SABACON, ANYSIS, (again), SETHON, Twelve contemporary kings, PSAMMITICHUS, NECO, NECHO, (2 Kings, 23: 29), PSAMMIS, APRIES, HOPHRA, (Jer. 44: 30), AMASIS,	
B.C. 525.	{ PSAMMENITUS, conquered by the Persians.	

In this table we have three breaks between Moeris and Psammenitus: one between Rhampsinitus and Cheops; a second between Mycerinus and Asychis; and a third between Asychis and Anysis. At least the phraseology of Herodotus will only admit breaks in those places. And the five centuries between Moeris and Anysis demand more than the nine names given. The date of Anysis is gathered from comparison with the Assyrian line. The date of Moeris, Herodotus says, was about nine hundred years before he visited Egypt. We see that by his account, the pyramids were built certainly after B.C. 1200, and before B.C. 800. If we take the middle period, the date of the pyramids will be B.C. 1000, the time of David. On all these monarchs, from Moeris downwards, Herodotus enlarges: before Moeris, the three hundred and thirty are dispatched in a sentence. We can easily see, therefore, that beyond Moeris there is no dependence to be placed on the priests' stories as given to the Greek historian. The name Menes may be the same as Amun, the great god of Egypt.

Diodorus puts about two thousand years between Menes and Moeris, which (with the exception of three kings in that long period) he notices with an obscurity equal to that of Herodotus.

The third great authority on Egyptian chronology, and the one who has excited most controversy, is Manetho, an Egyptian priest, of B.C. 300, a voluminous writer, whose works have nearly all perished; and what remains is so corrupted, that it is difficult to determine Manetho's own views. Bunsen (*Egypt. Stelle in der Weltgesch.*) has given an account of the manner in which Manetho's chronology was corrupted. One would suppose that such an authority as this, was rather weak to erect into a fortress against Scripture; but Infidelity catches at straws. But on an examination of Manetho's text, we are the more astonished at the audacity which rests on his authority. He makes twenty-six dynasties of Egyptian kings before the invasion of Cambyses, in B.C. 525, comprising five thousand and thirty years. He gives no particulars regarding the lives of these kings, and very many he does not even name; but contents himself by saying that, 'such a dynasty had so many kings.' Some of his absurdities are very gross. For example, he says that one dynasty of seventy Memphite kings reigned *seventy days*! The Egyptian chronology quoted by George Syncellus, (A.D. 800,) gives thirty-four thousand years to the reigns of gods and demi-gods over Egypt, and then two thousand three hundred and twenty-four of human kings. Such are the chief authorities on Egyptian chronology, if we except the monuments. We have enumerated them, in order to caution the unwary against dogmatic assumptions on a point so exceedingly obscure. The fact of the monuments testifying to long lines of kings, is also very meagre authority for a chronological dictum, when we *know* that some dynasties were

contemporaneous, and when we remember how the Greeks invented pedigrees.

CHAPTER SECOND.

WHAT does the Bible tell us of Egypt? We are first told (Gen. 10 : 6) that Mizraim was the son of Ham. Mizraim means 'the two Egypts,' Egypt being called to this day by the natives, 'Mizr.' This makes the settlement of the Nile valley by Ham's descendants perfectly plain. Now, as others of Ham's posterity went down to the extremity of the vast Arabic peninsula, doubtless they found their way across Bab-el-Mandeb into Abyssinia and Æthiopia, and thus met their cousins on the Nile. It is this fact which gave rise to the theory that Egypt was peopled from Æthiopia and the Upper Nile. No doubt, as Herodotus says, Ethiopian monarchs reigned over Upper Egypt, or even over the whole land, at some periods. The next allusion to Egypt is the account of Abraham's visit, recorded in Gen. 12 : 10 ; 13 : 1. This took place, according to the best authorities, about B.C. 1920. From the narrative given us, we can gather that an extreme simplicity of manners existed in the Nile valley at that time. A rich Arab sheikh (for so Abraham would appear) arrives, with his flocks, herds, and servants, in the land, and immediately he attracts the notice of the king and his princes. The hedges of formality which surrounded the courts of Nineveh, Babylon, and Susa, and Egypt itself at a later period, seem not as yet erected. Indeed, by comparing this account with that of Abraham's visit to Gerar, (Gen. chap. 20.) we would be led to suppose that the pomp and importance of Egyptian royalty were no greater than that of the court of Gerar, a small town and its dependencies. It was probably on this visit of Abraham to Egypt that he procured Hagar as a servant, who afterward became his concubine. The next Biblical reference to Egypt, is in Joseph's thrilling history. Joseph probably was carried into Egypt about B.C. 1700. By this time, we find royalty accompanied by great state, and the king's person well covered by ranks of high officers. For two hundred years the history of Israel is included in that of Egypt, and hence the Bible sheds much light on the manners and civilization of Egypt during these centuries. For example, we see the power of the priesthood, the custom of embalming, the low caste of shepherds, the degradation of the common people, the military apparatus, all clearly defined. Yet Egypt's sway was still confined to the Nile valley ; for Israel is forty years in the desert on Egypt's border, unmolested by the Pharaohs, and the Canaanites and Philistines of Palestine seem equally exempt from Egyptian interference. In later generations, when God rebukes Israel for its idolatry, they are the gods of Moab, Ammon,

Philistia, and Syria, and not the gods of Egypt, which have ensnared the holy people. This is strong evidence against Egyptian influences extending beyond the Nile valley, until a comparatively late period. Solomon's marriage with Pharaoh's daughter (B.C. 1000, five hundred years after the Exodus) is the first token we have of such influences; and in the next reign, Shishak's successful inroad upon Judah (commemorated on the Theban monuments) shows a military power of foreign interference on the part of Egypt, continued afterward by such as Necho and Hophra. From the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel, we find that Zoan, (Tanis,) which was the Egyptian capital probably at the Exodus, (Num. 13 : 22, compared with Psalm 78 : 12, 43,) was also one of the royal capitals in B.C. 770, (Isaiah 19 : 13 and 30 : 4,) and a prominent city, although probably diminished in rank, in B.C. 600, (Ezek. 30 : 14, where Noph, that is, Memphis, No, that is, Thebes, Sin, that is, Pelusium, Aven, that is, Heliopolis, and Pi-beseth, that is, Bubastis, are mentioned, and some of them more particularly than Zoan.)

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

HAVING in the nineteen preceding chapters shown what the Egyptian field is, and the valuable light which a careful study of the monuments must shed upon it, it only remains for me to urge my brethren of America to the wholesome task. We must not leave this examination to German rationalists and their English admirers. We must bring a historic research that is not warped by an anti-Biblical prejudice, that is not ready to build upon the form of a letter an impregnable fortress against Christianity, that will not listen to every Egyptian priest as a divine oracle, and hoot at the divine oracle, as if it were nothing but an Egyptian priest. We desire the more impartial American mind to use the materials which Egypt furnishes for the illustration of ancient history; for we recognize as the highest office presented to our country by the course of events, that of evolving and developing the truth. We may accept — we may reject this duty tendered us; the answer is with ourselves.

END OF THE PROFESSOR'S MS.

A PRACTICAL THOUGHT CONSEQUENT.

A COLLECTION of materials for Egyptian archaeology and history is now among us. It is a collection second to no private collection in the world, made by a learned man long resident on Egyptian soil. It is full of rare interest and instruction, and would form a noble basis for a grand national museum of the Pharaohs, attracting scholars, and improving the public appreciation of things historic. New-York, by the liberality of one of her most highly-esteemed citizens, has just

secured for her Historical Society a valuable possession of Nineveh marbles. Will not another wealthy citizen emulate this example, and add to the treasures of that well-conducted institution the Abbot collection of Egyptian antiquities, thus doing more for the permanent influence and fame of his city and country, than by building rows of banks, and founding a score of insurance companies? By thus collecting the materials of history, we shall rear the historians themselves, and add many brilliant names to the shining list that begins with the revered name of *PRESCOTT*.

THE INFANT KING.

'I'd like to play with top, or ball,
Or lively battledore;
Or laugh to see the paper kite
So high above me soar.'
'Nay, Sire,' the regent gravely said,
'Aside these follies fling:
Remember, though you are a child,
You are a nation's king.'

'I'll go, with yonder little boys,
To sport upon the green;
For sure beyond those palace-walls
Right merry things are seen.'
'My liege, it would appear to me
A most unseemly thing,
If children of ignoble race
Should gambol with their king.'

'In-doors, alone, since I must be,
I'll look some pictures o'er,
Or spread out all my pretty toys
Upon the nursery-floor.'
'Nay, but your majesty must tend
The books your tutors bring;
And haste to learn what best befits
A mighty people's king.'

'Oh! would that I were not a king!'
The tiny monarch cried,
While fast adown his infant cheek
The drops of sorrow glide.
'Would that I were yon happy bird,
And owned those shining wings!
I know that God made little boys,
But oh! whoe'er made kings?'

THE STREET-EMPLOYMENTS OF NEW-YORK.

It is scarcely more than a month ago that a member of the Legislature of the State of New-York gave the first intimation of his intention to introduce a bill prohibiting the sale of Jersey produce in the great metropolitan city, unless through 'a commission-house.' This proposed small revenge for the refusal of New-Jersey to dispose of that North-American Cuba known to all men as Sandy-Hook, and coveted by all New-Yorkers for a quarantine station, cannot be said to have much humor — except ill-humor — about it. But there is something exceedingly droll in the mock dignity with which the idea of 'a commission-house' invests the beans and peas, the potatoes and parsley, of New-Jersey. One cannot help associating with a commission-house all sorts of mystical documents severally entitled 'invoices;' 'accounts sales,' with the mysterious but we believe strictly orthodox 'E. and O. E.' at the bottom of them; 'bills of lading;' 'accounts current,' and 'advice in conformity.' And when it is sought to bring such machinery as this to bear on the 'garden truck' aforesaid, it is impossible to describe the extent of ridicule which the attempt naturally involves. It may be said, that under the present system of free trade between all the Jerseys and this portion of the United States, the only item of really commercial machinery that is ever employed in the transactions, is that which is known under the head of 'anticipation of net proceeds.' The hieroglyphic 'E. and O.E.' never appear in the accounts, how much soever the E. and the O. may underlie the transactions. The 'errors' represented by the first 'E.,' are probably those of the direct buyer of the 'garden truck,' when he hands over the bill of a broken bank to the unsuspecting Jerseyman. The 'omissions,' typified in the 'O.,' are those of the Jersey vender, who is said frequently to govern himself by the three-peck bushel of his country. The remaining 'E.' would clearly be out of place in these little operations, since the errors and omissions so far from being mutually 'excepted' are invariably adhered to with remarkable pertinacity by the erring or omitting party.

If the reflective mind, however, refuses to lay much stress upon these points, as reasons for scouting the projected retaliatory blow against our cousins — I might almost say our brethren — on the other side of the Hudson, it is because contemplation is almost totally absorbed by the gross injustice of the measure. Why single out the Jerseyman as the victim of a prohibitory commercial policy? There is a daily immigration into the city of New-York of seedy and indifferently combed-and-brushed individuals from Connecticut; tall and

lanky persons from Vermont; sleek, obsequious men from Massachusetts; and unwashed parties from abroad generally, whose object it is to sell their wares, or make money by their performances — whose actual practice it is to crowd New-Yorkers off their own pavements and take possession of the same. The Jerseyman, with the natural diffidence which distinguishes him, rarely proceeds farther into the bowels of the land, or, I might say, rarely ventures farther from home, than Washington-market. But the other peripatetic adventurers to whom we have referred, come up to Broadway; they do more, they occupy and possess Broadway. 'The ear is pained, the soul is sick, with every day's report' of the new and invaluable invention for running a steel spike through the neck of a rat, directly he puts his head through a hole which is about the last place in the world into which he is likely to place that member. Then there is the ubiquitous and impossible-to-be-avoided nutmeg-grater, made, expressly for sale, by the gentleman from Connecticut who offers it, and who very probably could also furnish you with some of the nutmegs of his country to put into it, if you felt disposed to enjoy the spicy saw-dust which would be the inevitable consequence of adapting the uses of the one manufacture to the purposes of the other. Then there are the knife-cleaners, and the knife-sharpeners, and the patent balloon boys, and the stationery-men, and the blacking brigade, and the bird-fanciers, and the puppy-dealers, and the apple and candy-stall keepers, and the showmen, and the thousand-and-one other adventurous spirits who block up the city thoroughfares, and of whom, in obedience to the suggestion naturally inspired by such a bill as the 'Sandy-Hook retaliatory' measure just adverted to, I take leave to give the following condensed account. Why not drive the rat-catchers and the nutmeg men to the commission-houses of New-York, if you would force the Jerseyman to go there? If you are to create a thirst for commissions among the leading capitalists of South and Wall streets, let there be enough, at least for all of the first-class houses.

For it must be borne in mind that these Street-Employments involve daily a very large sum of money. It may fairly be doubted whether there is as much taken, in any one day, by all the hotels in the city, first, second, third, and all other classes, as changes hands in the operations which support the street-employments of the metropolis. In the mere item alone, of organ-grinding — But we must begin another paragraph when we set out to describe the peculiar operations of

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

And oh! what visions of unfortunate exiled Italian noblemen have been known to take possession of the minds of very young young-ladies on beholding, through the window-pane, the swarthy foreigner

turn the facile handle! What silent eloquence of patriotic woe in those dark, expressive eyes, turned upward and roaming nervously as not finding what they sought! What ardent longings in the young and romantic female heart for power to pull down the old-world tyranny of his beloved Italy, and restore him to his rank, his country, and his friends, and of course, to cleaner and more fashionable garments.

It is hard to have to destroy the illusive gammon of these tender fancies and generous aspirations; but the truth compels. The organ-grinder, my dear, is an Italian boy or man of the lower class of Italian peasantry, who comes to the land of the brave and the home of the free, expressly *per portare l'organo* — to earn his bread by the sweat of his fingers; to lubricate his wheel of life by aid of the pence obtained by turning the handle of his instrument. It is a weary, monotonous life; and the individual engaged in it may truly be said *vescor ex manu*. He wears soiled clothing, and neglects to apply the soap of cleanliness or the razor of civilization to his dejected visage; not because he is dreaming of his beautiful Italy, (he is much better off in New-York than ever he could have been in Genoa,) but because he does not choose, speaking literally, to countenance customs which to him are innovations of the most inconvenient description. And when he casts his restless eyes upward, my dear, it is not so much in prayer for the liberty of his father-land, about which he does not care two-pence, but because he is anxious for two-pence from those windows up in the nursery regions, against whose frosty panes he notices tender urchins listlessly flattening their little noses.

And, in very truth, the organ-grinder has but a sorry existence. He may truly be said to live *in duris temporibus*, for indeed he has an extremely hard time of it. I have often heard unthinking and unfeeling men speak of the organ-grinder as an idle vagabond. Vagabond he may be — idle he certainly is not. I should like any one of the persons who think so ill of 'the organist' to carry that horrid thing over his back for twelve or fourteen hours every day, from street to street, and in all weathers. I should be glad to see him plant it before him in a crowded thoroughfare, and play where nobody can hear its gruntings and squeakings but himself; or in a quiet quarter where a crowd of very ordinary persons, chiefly of tender age, gather around him to indulge in critical and grossly-insulting observations, without ever paying him a fee. I should be pleased to have him try how he likes to have coppers shied at him from an upper story, and to be obliged to stop in the middle of the gipsy's song — perhaps in that particularly sweet *la la ra la ra la* part — to pick up the money before the street-boys can appropriate it and run away like mad. Ah! it is all very fine talking; but organ-grinding is a sufficiently-laborious and disagreeable avocation by day. Nor is the position in life which it in-

volves very much more supportable at night. The way in which the business is managed is as follows: One or two enterprising capitalists are the *Impresarii* of the profession. It is they who import the organs—chiefly made in Geneva, Switzerland, but coming also from several places in Italy and France. These instruments cost severally from one hundred up to five or six hundred dollars. There is a very superior description of organ taken about the streets of London in a cart, and said to cost as much as five or six hundred pounds; but instruments of that kind belong to the sphere of high art, and have not yet been imported into this country. The *Impresarii* no doubt fear that if they were to introduce one, they would have to introduce at least one hundred, which would absorb an immense amount of capital, and entirely ruin their already considerable investments in the smaller organs. Some of the instruments, however, which we are accustomed to hear discourse sweet music outside our doors, are really very excellent ones, and, in spite of all that *Punch* says to the contrary, it is a pleasure to listen to them—at a safe distance. Others again are not only horridly false, but have a totally illegal way of squeaking out the treble and spasmodically grunting out the base, which sets one's flesh creeping, and makes each separate and particular hair so to stand on end, that I am told Mr. Cristadoro has to remove the wigs from his window when his countrymen come that way with organs of that quality. The best and newest instruments are of course reserved for the delectation of the city. The old and irretrievably decayed ones are sent to make the tour of the rural districts, where they are in high favor, and pay handsomely, in the summer.

The organ-grinder himself is frequently imported with the instrument; or if not, he is furnished with the means to come hither by the *Impresario*, or by one or more of his relatives and friends who have some years previously enjoyed that distinguished honor. Of course, if left to themselves, that class of Italian gentry would not be likely to come to America, since any knowledge whatever of the existence of this continent is not commonly possessed by Columbus's countrymen of the organ-grinding persuasion. Once arrived here, however, the Italian grinder goes to work with little previous education. His first lesson consists in acquiring the value of the various small coins of the republic, and in indelibly impressing upon his mind the peremptory rule (originating in the abundance of counterfeit quarters and halves) never to make change. As a usual thing, a novice, in addition to the organ, is required to carry also a monkey, wearing a faded blue tunic and a cocked-hat, but it is only the novices who will submit to this exigency of the business. After they have resided a few months in this country they grow ashamed of the monkey, and refuse to carry it. In some cases the wife or daughter of the organ-grinder accompanies

him in his daily peregrinations, and I am inclined to think that their so doing is mutually advantageous ; not only because the *Impresarii* are understood to encourage it, but because I know from my own case and from my experience of others, that it is hard to pass — in the rain too — a pretty woman with an anxious face and an extended tambourine without admiring the one and dropping a trifle of coin into the other. Sometimes the woman sings while she beats the tambourine. Indeed, a few days ago I saw an ingenious pair, who deserved all the money they got. The organ must have been a very old one, for it had been so altered as to furnish only a base accompaniment or obligato, which the man ground out of it, while the woman played on a violin of excellent tone. Yes, and played it well, too. There was not a ‘slur’ where the composer had not written one — a degree of conscientiousness which is not frequently exhibited in higher places. Every note was given with decision and firmness, and even culture. Many persons stopped awhile — though it was in busy, selfish Wall-street — and put a piece of silver on the green baize that covered the old organ ; and I was glad to see them do it. Occasionally the organ-grinder accompanies himself with a brass whistle adroitly hidden in his mouth.

The walk in life, literally so to speak, of the organ-grinder, is monotonous in the extreme. The proprietor of the organ charges the peripatetic operator a fixed hire per diem for the instrument, or agrees to take a certain share (which is not, as a general rule, the smaller one) of each day’s proceeds. The *Impresarii* also apportion to each grinder his beat — precisely as an inspector of police might do to a private in that respectable and invaluable corps — and any grinder found trespassing on the walk of his *confrère*, is immediately mulct on complaint of the same being made. The capitalists are understood always to send their finest organs and handsomest grinders into the fashionable up-town quarters of the metropolis. The second-class instruments, and less distinguished-looking performers are detailed to the localities which have almost outgrown their fashionable reputation, and of which Bleecker-street may be regarded as an appropriate type. The third-class instruments and rather homely grinders, are reserved for the lower parts of the city ; while the entirely worn-out engines and decidedly repulsive and dirty artists perform at the doors of drinking-shops and dance-houses. Many of these ‘beats’ are highly profitable, and are charged to the grinders at correspondingly high rates. A piece of crape on a bell-handle, indicative of a funeral, enhances the value of a ‘beat’ considerably : the organ-grinder who has been handsomely paid and requested to leave directly he has ground out two or three bars of the ‘College Hornpipe’ before the door, going off immediately and sub-letting the mourning portion of his beat, to as many of the fraternity as he can find, for half-profits.

Of the appreciation in which the organ-grinder is held in the rural districts, some opinion may be formed, if any body can imagine the publication of such a criticism as the following in a 'Far West' newspaper. An 'organist,' with his wife and child, was tramping it in the wilds of Arkansas :

'OUR patrons in the interior will envy the inhabitants of Spoughville, when they learn that we are being favored with a visit from that highly talented foreigner, Professor GRINDINI, and his beautiful and accomplished wife and daughter. These eminent persons, who have been reduced by the political troubles in their unfortunate country to earn a livelihood by the exercise of an art which, in their prosperity, they acquired simply as an accomplishment befitting their station, arrived here on Wednesday, with their instruments, and put up at General BUBBLIDGE's Hotel, where, it is needless to say, they were at once made comfortable by that enterprising citizen and great man.

'The GRINDINI family made their first appearance before the Spoughville public on Thursday evening, and we must say that, although we went to the temporary theatre (which had been hastily fitted up in the dining-room of the hotel) prepared to criticise the performance with severity, we found no point open to censure, either in the mechanical efforts of Signor GRINDINI, or in the singing (if we may call the warbling of that gifted woman by so common-place a name) of Signora GRINDINI. The Signor is said to be unequalled in the world for delicacy of touch on the handle ; and as for the tambourine-playing of the child, it was perfection.

'The performance opened with the air of 'ANNIE LAURIE,' on the organ, by Professor GRINDINI — an air which lost none of its freshness from having been begun on this occasion in the middle of the *thema*, at the point, in fact, where the Professor had left off at his last grinding. The upper notes were exquisite, and in the *fugue* passages, where the air melts slowly and in softest cadences into nothing at all, the Professor was inimitable.

'*'ANNIE LAURIE'* was followed by an air from *Norma*, sung by Signora GRINDINI to the accompaniment of her husband on the organ. This beautiful *cantata*, which was loudly applauded, would have been even more appreciated, had the audience only been acquainted with the soft and beautiful language of the song. Possessing, as we do, this enviable knowledge, we revelled in blissful delight while the artists were performing this magnificent inspiration of the great BEETHOVEN. But why dwell on the delight afforded by that great piece of music ? Why tell of the inexpressible thrill which seized upon the heart, when that bell-like baritone voice of the Signora warbled the poetic Italian words, '*Civis Romanus sum* !' — meaning, 'I love thee more than tongue can tell ;' or when, in a soul-inspiring *adagio*, her voice flew over a hundred notes in a second, as she sang, '*O tempora ! O mores !*' — which may be translated to express, 'Must I die so young and unavenged ?'

'This gem was followed by a German polka, written by the celebrated Herr KARTOFFEL, and performed on the organ by Signor GRINDINI ; and a most magnificent performance it was.

'After this, the child, Signorina ANNITA PAULITA, performed a solo on the tambourine, which we do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest thing we ever heard ; and, as our friends know, we have travelled some. Certainly we never could have believed that so young a child (she is only eight years of age) could so brilliantly have produced those short, thumping, or, as they are technically termed, *sostenuto* passages, in so delicate a style as that which greeted us on Thursday night from that little child's tambourine.

'Following this, we had O'CONNOR's adaptation of 'St. PATRICK's Day in the Morning,' arranged as a duet, and performed by the Professor on the organ and the young

Signorita on the tambourine. This piece being encored, the artists were good enough to repeat it, as a trio — the Signora obligingly taking a part with the bones. It was a privilege to listen.


'The Signora then sang, to the *obligato* of the Professor, a Saxon translation of a familiar English ballad. The Saxon, as is well known, closely resembles our English tongue, which, indeed, is derived from the former, so that the audience had no difficulty in understanding the words. In Saxon the song commences :

'NELLY PLT shoot his ishe,
Ven he go to shlip.'

The soft passages of this plaintive ditty were given with a degree of what the Italians call *animato con brio* which we have never known surpassed.

'We then had, as a solo on the organ, 'Uncle NED,' arranged in funereal style, in which, indeed, seeing the solemn character of the words, the song should always be presented.

'And following this, came a grand trio from MOZART's admired opera of the *Puritani alla prima Crociata*. It would be impossible, if even we had space and type, (which, indeed, we have not, for already we are obliged to leave out friend BLACK's horse advertisement to-day,) to give an adequate account of this magnificent piece, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Judge FLOP presented the Signora with a bouquet, an act of considerate kindness characteristic of the sex, and which was loudly applauded.

'This gifted family, who are now on their way to the North, have been prevailed on to give another performance on Saturday evening next, when, *by particular request*,  The same programme will be repeated.

'Admission, One Dime. There will be no reserved seats, except for ladies.'

THE STATIONERY-MAN.

As a matter of course, I am not going to describe here the numerous boys and men (chiefly English immigrants, some of whom will tell you that they 'left Hingland, Sir, on account of the 'orrid persecutions of the haristocracy,') who run about from office to office with boxes of pencils and pens, and cutlery, and other similar conveniences. These persons are great, in their way. They cannot be refused. No power on earth can alarm them. No sarcasms can offend them. You may kick them down-stairs, and possibly you may have done so once or twice in your life; but insult them? — never! What do they care about your declaration that you do n't want steel pens? 'Won't you please try my hink, Sir?'

My object, however, is not with peripatetic stationery-boys, but with the stationary stationery-man. Who does not know him? Lives there the individual with soul so dead, who never to his friend has made an observation concerning the stationery-man? All the world is acquainted with him, as far as a knowledge which is all one side can be called an acquaintance. All New-York has seen him. Every body in the rural districts has heard of him. Indeed, it is a common thing in Connecticut, among persons who have never been to New-York, but who like to pretend to have made that pilgrimage, to claim an acquaintance with the stationery-man, and to ask you: 'Does he stand

there yet?' Of course he stands there yet. That man will never die: he could n't afford to do it. He may pass away at some time within the next fifty years; but when he does so, mark my words: do n't pass up Nassau-street after midnight, if you would not desire to hear the sepulchral voice of a ghostly stationery-man proclaiming, 'Four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, fo-o-o-o-ur cents!'

There have been more pen-and-ink sketches taken of that individual than ever were made of the Duke of Wellington or Tippoo Saib. I have one of them, and I keep it. You might kill me, or burn the house over my head; but induce me to part with that portrait?—not quite!

Because I respect the stationery-man. I admire him. What else can I do, when I see him every day, and at all hours, with his heavy rough coat on in the warmest weather, and his chin buried in that now immortal muffler, standing at the corner under the clothier's awning, in rain or sun-shine, from morn to dewy eve, and, indeed, till eight o'clock at night, proclaiming to the city in general, and to Nassau-street in particular, the cheering intelligence that he will give you, if you are disposed to take them, 'four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, for fo-o-o-o-ur cents.' I never bought any of him: I never saw him sell any; though I have stood and watched him by the hour. I do n't believe he ever effects a transaction. It is his fate, his destiny to stand at the corner of Nassau-street, and repeat those mystic words. He is, I believe, the Wandering Jew of the paper trade. I once plucked up courage enough to speak to him: 'Sir,' said I, 'can you tell me what o'clock it is?' He turned upon me a glassy but yet shining gray eye, and answered me in accents already familiar to my ear: 'Four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, fo-o-o-o-ur cents!' I hurried on and left him.

No man knows where he dines, or whether he ever dines at all. His comings out and his goings in, are alike shrouded in mystery. I once tried to follow him home. Home? Ha! ha! Seeing him make up his little pack, I determined to track him. The rain was pouring down heavily that gloomy night, as I *saw him leave the corner*, and direct his steps up Nassau-street. I watched him until he came to within half a block of the end of Nassau-street, and then—I lost him. Out of Nassau-street I *know* he did not go. I believe he cannot leave Nassau-street. I can; but before I left it on that memorable evening, I heard once more, as from a distance, the mysterious announcement which declared the unchangeable value of 'four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes.'

What manner of man is this? Through how many years has he existed in our globe, and for how many centuries more is he doomed to occupy the corner of Nassau-street, and proclaim to a heedless world his self-sealing destiny? Ah! who can tell?

THE GLASSPTEEN-MAN.

is almost invariably a German, or, as the profane have it, a Dutchman, of an age any where between eighteen and forty. His peculiarities are a determined inability to make himself understood in the English language, and a violent passion for over-charging. If you are ever asked to give an example of cleanliness, please not to say a Glasspteen-man; for you will tell a story, in addition to furnishing an incorrect illustration. The Glasspteen-man is rather dirty than otherwise, in dress as in visage, and is remarkable for a strong smell of new putty, which, after a gas-house, furnishes the most disagreeable odor known to nosology. He walks about the streets with a frame slung over his back, and containing some score or so of panes of glass of various sizes. His cry of 'Glasspteen!' whence his designation in society is derived, signifies, 'Do you want any glass put in?' His avocation, in short, is to increase the panes of families, or to supply those which have carelessly been removed or broken. If you call him, he will come in with alacrity, but will make no haste to go away again. Once admit him into your house, and he will linger there half the day, unpleasantly mixing the smell of putty with your breakfast and your lunch. He will charge you for putting in a pane of glass exactly double what he is prepared to take; and when you have once employed him, he will make you such a litter of broken glass and dry and new putty in front of your house, as might well induce any one who does not know you, to believe that you have gone extensively into the 'Glasspteen' business yourself. The disgusting way, too, in which he straddles your window-sill in broad day-light, with the big ball of putty before him, as though he had been put there as a punishment for not having taken his physic in the shape of the great oily pill aforesaid, is sufficient to drive you to distraction. You feel an immense relief when, after an hour's fiddling with the window, interspersed with scraps of conversation with the boys below, who have blocked up your door-way to see the pane put in, you observe him get off his perch, close the window, survey it doubtfully for a minute or two, and go away, leaving what the Irish gentleman called 'the foot-print of his hand' in bold outline on the glass. The Glasspteen man drinks lager beer whenever he can get it, and lives, usually, in the attic of a tenement-house; but beyond these habits, and the fact that he is not truthful in his representations of the quality of glass, little is known of this otherwise harmless member of that society which lives by the Street-Employments of New-York.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. LOTHARIO'S APOLOGY.

Your coming in last night, my love,
 Was something sudden. I was helping NELL
 To tie the ribbons of her rigolette:

She put the crimson of her mouth up — well,
 I'm flesh and blood, and then you, singing, came
 Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
 Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes:
 I like such things. I like to see the wind
 Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;
 I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
 A very pretty woman, very mad!

I liked the dangerous and regal air
 (You bear a queen's name, and a queen you are,)
 With which you donned your thibet opera-cloak,
 And clasped it with a diamond like a star:
 'T was charming in my mistress. But, my life,
 It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
 I should not like to own them. Who would be
 Proprietor of earthquakes, or loose hurricanes,
 Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
 Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
 Give him a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Do n't let a female thunder-storm
 Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
 A flash of angry lightning. You have had
 Your March and April, now be June again;
 And let your fine-cut eye-brows' silken span
 Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
 (You'll spoil that rose-bud if you twist it so,)
 Give me both hands, that I may say 'Good Bess,
 The good Queen Bess,' and kiss you, ere I go —
 The good Queen Bess, whose heart and mind and face
 Teach me to love *all* women — as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin NELL,
 I honored one who taught me to admire
 Fair women in their twenties — do n't you see?
 But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her,
 Her lips quite close — now this is *entre nous* —
 Upon my soul, I made believe 't was you!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

HISTORY OF THE STATE OF RHODE-ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS. By SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD. Volume I. 1636-1700. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

To a South-Carolinian born and bred, the history of Medford, Massachusetts, would not promise the most attractive reading, and the history of the Palmetto State itself would probably interest an English student less even than many-volumed HANSARD, or the 'History of Sussex.' As a general rule, local histories, whether of towns, cities, or States, have little interest to readers whose birth-place or residence has not been within their limits, and little value except to the historian, the antiquarian, or the person whose ancestors helped to found the city, or consolidate the state. Could one learn from such a history that his farm bounded the spot where a great battle had been fought between the Indians and his forefathers, or that his barn stood where witches had been burned, or some aboriginal UNCAS had bled, or that the spring where his cattle drink daily was that near which the founder of a state once pitched his tent, he would probably buy and read it, albeit the historical association might never advance the value of his house or land a single penny. One who resided out of the State, or whose ancestry, so far as he knows, terminates with his grand-father, might reasonably cite the brevity of human life, the titles of a thousand books, from HOMER to BUCKLE, which must be read, and suffer its leaves to remain uncut.

Mr. ARNOLD's History of Rhode-Island is more than a special exception to this general rule. It deserves to be read in Oregon as much as in the Providence Plantations, and will find its way into libraries across the Atlantic. To be sure, it is the history of a single State, and that State, territorially, the most insignificant in the Confederacy, (a hundred and seventy-four of it would not make one Texas) while in respect of population, it does not equal the aggregate of half-a-dozen New-York wards. But it is 'a State which, more than any other, has exerted by the weight of its example an influence to shape the political ideas of the present day, and whose moral power has been in the inverse ratio with its material importance.' In a word, the history of Rhode-Island is the history of ROGER WILLIAMS. The history of ROGER WILLIAMS is the history of religious liberty, (by him first incorporated into a civil government,) in the very State where it first sprang into vigorous life. The history of religious liberty is the history of a principle which this nation has adopted as its precept, which it holds for a watchword and a secret of its imperial greatness. Other men had longed for it or dreamed of it, other

States had blindly striven for that sunderance of Church and State to which it leads; but ROGER WILLIAMS was the first civil legislator who proclaimed the sanctity of conscience as an unalterable article in his faith, who stamped it upon his code of laws, and then followed the great principle with logical remorselessness to all its novel, various, and practical consequences; and Rhode-Island was the State which first crystallized that sublime and simple truth into history. The difference between ROGER WILLIAMS and all other legislators (the Puritans included) was not one of degree, but of kind. It was not for a certain more liberal measure of toleration that he struggled. It was for man's inalienable right to abstract and absolute liberty of conscience. Others limited even their toleration to one or more Christian sects; but as a historian of America says: 'ROGER WILLIAMS would permit the persecution of *no* opinion, of *no* religion, leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes.'

At this later day, we can hardly imagine how novel this thorough-going principle was to the law-makers and the state-builders who preceded the *protégé* of Lord COKE. Even that master-builder PLATO, in his model *Πολιτεία*, never conceived it. The essential principle of his republic—the worthlessness of man and the supremacy of the state—is diametrically opposed to it. BAXTER's Holy Commonwealth, worse than heathen PLATO's state, is at its antipodes. Even the wise and good Bishop, whose contemporaries joined with the satirist in ascribing

'To BERKELEY every virtue under heaven,'

and who spent several years of his life in the State which ROGER WILLIAMS founded, writing his 'Minute Philosopher' under the very cliffs of Newport, makes his Mezzoranians glory in that union of Church and State which ROGER WILLIAMS had once and forever sundered. Only in some far-off and inaccessible Utopia, like that of Sir THOMAS MORE, the inhabitants of which were flexible to milder purposes than those whom the Lord High Chancellor of HENRY the Eighth ruled, was no man suffered to be punished for his religion. The trials of Father FITZHERBERT and Dr. LUMBROZO, and the Quaker persecutions, stand in the record against the early Pilgrims of St. MARY's; and the Massachusetts Puritans, whom intolerance in England should have taught tolerance in America, were so far from even that lower merit than religious liberty, as to banish its Apostle from their midst in mid-winter.

The history of the principle of religious freedom begins when the perfect Man, JESUS CHRIST, eighteen centuries and more ago, paid tribute to the CÆSARS and refused to take upon HIMSELF any jurisdiction of temporal power. It includes the protest and secession of the Donatist minority, (whose cry was: '*Quid est imperatori cum ecclesia?*')—What has the king to do with the Church?) when Christianity was the state religion. It registers with high praise the name of ARNOLD of Brescia, an apostle of all liberty, sacred and secular, and the *avant coureur* of the Protestant Reformation. It writes in letters of blood the long struggles of the Waldenses, and the brutal sentence of the Parliament of Aix in 1540. It passes in sad silence over the great Reformation itself, where every creed—LUTHER's, ME-LANTHON's, CALVIN's, BUCER's, and the rest—gave to the civil magistrate coercive power in matters of religion. It celebrates the labors of the Anabaptists of 1560

and the noble heroism of the Episcopal JOHN SMITH in 1611, and closes with the record of how, fighting against odds for sixteen centuries in the old world, it at last got the state upon its side, at the founding of Providence by ROGER WILLIAMS, in June, 1636.

If the course of events in Rhode-Island has been thus singularly important, and the epoch of its establishment a cardinal one in the history of the country, it is fair to demand that he who would recite them, should rise above the level of a local historian, and exhibit an ability and breadth of view proportioned to the dignity of his theme. Judging from the first volume of this work, which covers a few years more than the period of ROGER WILLIAMS' life, the requirement of the occasion has been amply met. The master of an ample fortune and leisure, instead of occupying his time with frivolous pleasures or the luxurious gratification of a cultivated taste, Mr. ARNOLD has for fifteen years devoted himself with patient industry and zeal to the preparation for, and the work of writing, this history of his native State. During this period, his contributions to this and other departments of history in the appropriate journals, have been frequent and valuable. Besides those authorities and sources of information accessible to the general student in the various libraries and collections of the Historical Societies, he has made use of the hitherto undeveloped resources of the British State-Paper Office at London, as well as the offices of Paris and the Hague. His history, therefore, from its ability, its painstaking accuracy, and fullness in facts and dates, becomes at once not merely *a*, but *the* standard history of the State — a State whose history approaches more nearly than that of any other, to a history of the nation and period.

A good instance of the author's accuracy and research, is found in the brief appendix to his first chapter. The early career of ROGER WILLIAMS had been the subject of frequent and labored investigations, but with little result. The discovery of the SADLER letters (a correspondence between ROGER WILLIAMS and Mrs. ANNE SADLER, daughter of Sir EDWARD COKE) threw some light on his early education, and established the fact of his being a *protégé* of Lord COKE. It was also supposed to have been established that he was a graduate of Jesus College, Oxford. (If we remember rightly, however, Prof. GAMMELL, who wrote a life of ROGER WILLIAMS, calls in question not merely his connection with the University, but the whole story of his intercourse with COKE.) Mr. ARNOLD reviews the entire subject, and examining while in England the records of Cambridge, the Alma Mater of Lord COKE, he finds in the admission-book of Pembroke College the entry, '— WILLIAMS, 29 Jan., 1623.' On the registrar's book he finds that ROGER WILLIAMS was matriculated a pensioner of Pembroke College, July seventh, 1625, and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in January, 1626-7. Still more decisive evidence he brings to light in the 'Subscription-Book,' where, under date of 1626, beneath the thirty-nine articles, is the autograph signature of ROGERUS WILLIAMS, which, when compared with his known hand-writing, leaves little doubt of their identity of origin.

A better instance of this research is found in the author's finely reasoned vindication of the celebrated patriot, Dr. JOHN CLARKE, from the base conspiracy of his contemporaries of the ATHERTON Company, in the matter of the Connecticut boundary, and the jurisdiction of the United Colonies, and complete refutation of

the slanders against him and his State which had gone unrefuted from his day to our own, sanctioned, too, by such names as JAMES GRAHAME and JOSIAH QUINCY. By letters, now for the first time printed, CLARKE'S integrity is established beyond all controversy, and a notable proof is given of the wisdom of judging a man's character by his exalted reputation and virtue in all other relations of life, rather than by the circumstantial evidence which may cloud a single act.

If we have emphasized the importance of the principle of liberty of conscience, fully guaranteed in the charter obtained from CHARLES II. by Dr. CLARKE, it is not because we have failed to appreciate its other remarkable provisions, so admirably set forth by the author in his ninth chapter. It is little wonder that a royal patent, thus distinguished from all other royal patents ever granted, as well as by its acknowledgment of the Indian titles to the soil as paramount, and its purely republican character, should have survived till 1843, (the period of its abrogation,) the oldest constitutional charter in the world.

The chronic difficulties between Rhode-Island and Massachusetts, and the injustice which the weaker State was continually subjected to by the stronger, would almost justify some asperity of speech on the part of a historian and son of Rhode-Island; but we are bound to say that Mr. ARNOLD remains always fair-minded, and judicious in his language. Some new light, to be sure, is thrown upon the Puritan character, (praise of which is the cant of American history,) but every representation of the Massachusetts colonists, is sustained by documentary evidence, even when it is their notorious bigotry, their unscrupulous disregard of the rights of others, their banishments and persecutions, or their brutality and double-dealing with the natives that is recorded. Here and elsewhere he is free from bias, and will not even be enthusiastic, if enthusiasm shall tempt him to be unjust. He nevertheless rises with ease to the dignity and spirit of his theme when the character of the Puritans, the Antinomian controversy, the grand principles of the charter, or the treatment of the aboriginal tribes and the Indian wars, or the character of the government and its patriot founders, is discussed. In general his style is clear, possessing no special excellence or defect, but such as a cultivated gentleman would use in describing simply and clearly facts as he sees them. There are no extravagancies, and only a few inaccuracies, such as that which disfigures the first sentence of the first chapter, where 'transpired' is used for 'occurred.' The most objectionable of these is the frequent interchange of the words 'religious toleration' with 'religious freedom,' as if the two phrases conveyed the same idea, or were less than heaven-wide in their difference.

The divisions of this history are those into which the course of events philosophically separates. They treat successively of the period from the settlement of New-England to the banishment of ROGER WILLIAMS, the Antinomian Controversy, the aborigines of Rhode-Island and the Pequot war, the history of Providence from its settlement in 1636, to the organization of the Government under the preliminary charter in 1647, the histories of Aquedneck, Warwick, and Narragansett, for the same period, the history of the incorporation of Providence Plantations from the adoption of the Parliamentary Charter, May 1647, to the usurpation of CODDINGTON, August, 1651, from this period to the adoption of the Royal Charter, November 1663, then to the commencement of PHILIP'S war, then to the trial of the HARRIS

causes, then to the period of the suspension of the charter. The last chapter treats of the period from the commencement of the ANDROS government to the close of the seventeenth century, only seventeen years before which ROGER WILLIAMS died.

The soul-liberty, which he braved pestilence, famine, danger, and death to achieve, and which has now become firmly woven into the texture of our government, in another volume will be traced through its influence upon the manners, habits, and morals of the people; this, and the introduction of slavery into the State, and its relations to the policy and progress of the State, events of which Mr. ARNOLD must soon make mention, will afford him that opportunity to enlarge upon the philosophy of the fundamental principles involved in the settlement of Rhode-Island, which in his preface to this volume, he modestly resigns to other hands, but which none are more competent than he to undertake, and from which he will not readily be excused.

'THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE, OR THE LONG VACATION OF A LONDON CLERK,' is by the author of that capital book '*Tom Brown's School Days*,' the story of a young English boy's life at one of the great schools of England. This volume is an equally entertaining and truthful picture of the sports of the middle classes of the same country. 'The White Horse' is a rude colossal figure cut out in the turf on the Berkshire chalk-hills, which has given its name to a whole district, and which popular legends connect with the name of King ALFRED, who there won his greatest victory over the pagans, and in whose honor festivals have been held on the spot, at very short intervals, ever since the ninth century. 'Scouring the White Horse' is nothing less than a re-touching of the lines of this engraving on the face of the country. The event was celebrated on White Horse Hill on the seventeenth and eighteenth of September, 1857, by twenty thousand people of those parts, with good old English sports, wrestling, single-stick, backsword play, cart-horse races, greased-pole climbing, pig-chases, jingling-matches, foot-races, hurdle-races, and donkey-races. Commissioned to compile a memorial of this local 'pastime,' the author has made it the occasion to gather up the scattered legends and traditions of the country-side, with whatever scraps of antiquarian love, vernacular dialogue, and bits of odd rhyme pertained to, or might illustrate his subject, weaving all this incongruous material, varying from old Saxon chronicles to a sermon defending the uses of English sports, with a charming love-story, in a skilful and agreeable manner. To him, and the graphic pencil of RICHARD DOYLE, we are indebted for a book almost as interesting to the lovers of 'good old England' every where as to the west-countrymen who last year so religiously assisted at the great scouring.

'THORNDALE: OR THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS,' is, to say the least of it, a suggestive book. As in reading the dialogues of PLATO one continually wishes to take up the cudgels of KALLIKLES, or PRODIKOS, or KRITIAS, the men of straw whom SOCRATES vanquishes so easily, so in reading 'Thorndale,' neither the faith of CYRIL the Cistercian, nor the skepticism of SECKENDORF, nor the Utopianism of CLARENCE seems always best argued or most shrewdly attacked. It may be doubted, too, if a disappointed life, the certainty of approaching death, the habits of a meditative idler, and the weakness of an indecisive character, such as THORNDALE possessed, can

consist with a hearty earnestness after truth, judicial fairness, and balance of mind, but do not rather, compel indifferentism or vacillation. The '*Confessio Fidei* of an Eclectic and Utopian Philosopher' which occupies the last two hundred pages of the book, has the same merit of suggestiveness, and in some parts, of eloquent originality. So much of it as is a system of psychology is very vulnerable though there is some force in the point of which he makes much, the complexity of the most simple state of consciousness. The tone and general spirit of the eclectic's argument is such as most thinking and religious men will agree with, and his results such as they approve and all desire.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, or rather a collection of essays written to upset the established histories of Mexico and Central America, and to prove the Phœnician origin of those empires, has just been published by ROBERT A. WILSON. That skepticism, which is said to be the characteristic of the age, was never more thorough-going than in the case of Mr. WILSON. If the statements and arguments of his work are true, then it is also true that the accepted histories of the conquest of Mexico by CORTÉZ, are romances and fables, with hardly a skeleton of fact; that the civilization of MONTEZUMA and the Aztecs in the zenith of their prosperity, was similar to that of the Iroquois Indians; that a large part of the dispatches of CORTÉZ were designedly untrue, and written to impose on the Emperor, CHARLES the Fifth; that BERNAL DIAZ was a myth, that BORTURINI was a credulous impostor; that ROBERTSON, in his history of America, has written nonsense; and that PRESCOTT, who is commonly considered one of the first and the most fair-minded of historians, instead of erecting an enduring literary monument, which will live long after his newly-buried body has mouldered to dust, has only been building castles in air, his histories having no better foundation than the ancient world, which, according to the East-Indian philosopher, rested on the back of a mighty elephant, and the elephant on the shell of a monster turtle, and the turtle on a serpent, and the serpent on nothing.

Besides these difficulties, enough to discourage most writers, Mr. WILSON has to contend with a style not of the clearest or most dignified kind, and a skepticism on the part of his readers which will hardly be inferior to his own. In spite of all, however, we venture to say, that had this book been published thirty years ago, Mr. PRESCOTT would never have written of the Mexican conquest as he did; and whoever writes or reads of it hereafter, must take the facts which Mr. WILSON proves, into his account.

FRANÇOIS ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN have been translated from the French by Admiral SMYTH, BADEN POWELL, and ROBERT GRANT. The first volume of this series of *éloges* of eminent men of science, in their lifetimes members of the French Academy, comprises, besides ARAGO's entertaining, romantic, and egotistic biography of his youth, memoirs of BAILLY, the elder HERSCHEL, LAPLACE and JOSEPH FOURIER. The second volume includes the memoirs of CARNOT, MALUS, FRESNEL, THOMAS YOUNG, and JAMES WATT. Aside from the interest which attaches to any production from the pen of ARAGO, these memoirs have a still higher value. This arises from the simple and luminous account of the discoveries made by the subjects of his biographies in the particular branches of science to which they were devoted. Comprising accounts of men en-

gaged in the most varied pursuits, this volume, therefore, gives no very inadequate idea of the progress of discovery in the field of physical science during the last century.

BUSHNELL'S NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL is a work to which we had hoped to give more space than remains to us in the present number. We can only hope to indicate its purpose, and praise, in the briefest manner, the remarkable ability displayed in its method, its arguments, and its rhetoric. Conceiving that naturalism pervades the theology, science, politics, literature, and life of the day, and gathers the hostile squadrons of unbelief to a more momentous battle with Christianity than any since its inauguration, he undertakes to find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the divine system itself, thus proving Christianity to be the centre of the plan of the world of nature, vindicating the supernatural truths of Christianity and exhibiting the rational foundation for its supernaturalism. This method avoids the inherent and insuperable difficulties of a punctually infallible and verbal inspiration, and yet shows the ground for a genuine, comprehensive faith in the supernatural origin of the Christian revelation as a gift of God to man. To recapitulate mainly in the author's language — his argument turns on two facts: the fact that we act supernaturally ourselves, which God may do as well as we, and the fact of sin, established by universal observation and universal consciousness. From these he goes on to show that nature is the inferior and instrumental part of the system of God, and complementary to the supernatural, that it is a scheme of causalities disordered by sin, and needing deliverance by the force of some supernatural redemption. Here arises the presumption in favor of such a work as Christianity undertakes and declares to be undertaken. The record of the life of CHRIST, who is called a self-evidencing miracle, is then examined, and the conclusion of the matter is the establishment of those two historic out-posts, CHRIST and His miracles, and the grand working plan and fact of a supernatural grace and salvation.

These are not the pages in which to discuss Dr. BUSHNELL'S success or failure in his argument. His book, however, is one which we cannot afford to overlook, both from the conceded ability with which it is written, and the parallelism between his argument for the supernatural in religion, and that of THEODORE PARKER against it.

RUSKIN makes the truthful remark, that 'until common-sense finds its way into architecture, there can be little hope for it.' We take pleasure in calling attention to 'THE HOUSE,' a Pocket Manual of Rural Architecture published by FOWLER and WELLS. This work closes the popular series of Rural Manuals to which it belongs, and we greatly mistake if it be not destined to command even a more generous patronage and a wider circulation than 'The Garden,' 'The Farm,' and 'Domestic Animals,' which have preceded it. It is, like them, a thoroughly practical work, written for the people, in a style which the people can understand, and while containing every thing that one would expect or desire to find in such a work, is brought, by its size and price, within the reach of all.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'MEMOIRS OF A NULLIFIER:' PART SECOND. — Before we commence the second part of this Memoir, let us remark, that the reader will be struck with the affluence of imagination which the writer exhibits, not less than with the playful character of his humor, always good-natured, and the keenness of his satirical descriptions. But let us take up the thread of his narrative where we left it. He is on the 'downward road,' it will be remembered, through the Mammoth Cave, to the Infernal Regions, accompanied by a disembodied Yankee-peddler, who has an 'affinity' for the spirit of one NEHEMIAH PETTIBONES, who when in the flesh 'owed him ninepence for over eighteen years!'

Journeying thus in company, the travellers at length reach the fabled Styx. Old CHARON is there, all ready with his boat, to take them across, demanding twelve-and-a-half cents from each of them for his ferriage. The Yankee higgles with him for half an hour, trying to induce him to take a ten-cent piece. But it would n't do: and moreover, there was another point, of much more importance, to be arranged. CHARON, who was a custom-house officer, as well as keeper of the ferry, seeing the peddler's parcel of merchandise, proceeds to levy a heavy tariff upon it: which, by dint of 'minimums,' 'appraisements,' 'ad-valorems,' etc., is made to amount to about two hundred and fifty per cent! This the peddler was unable to pay: and CHARON, declaring the goods forfeited, directs them to be seized for the benefit of the infernal treasury: and driving the Yankee into the boat, sets sail for the opposite shore.

Great and grievous to be borne were the peddler's consternation and despair at this unexpected destruction of his mercantile projects: 'He stood in the hindmost end of the boat, with out-stretched arms and piteous cries, and streaming eyes riveted upon his lost cart, as it remained on the beach, until a thick and pestilential fog, which ever rises from those gloomy waters, at length hid it from his sight.' And here ensues a weirdly-graphic description of the black and sluggish stream over which they were passing: 'Its horrid waters were thickly peopled with huge snakes, and toads, and dragons, and crocodiles,' and every other hideous monster which is born of the slime of a corrupt and putrifying flood. So numerous were they, also, that a passage could scarcely be forced amidst them, while with fierce eyes, and eagerly-stretched, frightful jaws, they glared upon the travellers.

Suddenly, while looking inquisitively among the 'awful critters,' the face of the

Yankee gleams as with intense delight, at some object which he has discovered. It turns out to be a large 'cooter,' (which we take to be a sort of snapping-turtle) that incautiously, and in an evil hour for itself, rose to the surface, only a few feet from the boat: 'The creature, however, seemed instinctively to know the enemy of its race, and as briskly as possible, retreated toward the bottom. It was an abyss upon which nothing living could look without a shudder, and into which it seemed that nothing could venture without destruction.' Nevertheless, head-foremost the eager Yankee plunges in; when: 'At the sight of a native of Connecticut, the monsters, lately so fierce and hungry, scampered away in all directions, tumbling over each other in their fright!' Down dived the peddler; and the dark flood, closing over his course, concealed him for a short time from view. At length he emerged, however, bearing triumphantly aloft the captive 'cooter,' and regained the boat: and there, seating himself in the bottom, with his back to his fellow-voyagers, he took a jack-knife out of his pocket, and fell busily to work. The sound of much cutting and scraping was heard, but his operations could not be seen. At the first habitation, however, that was reached after crossing the river, the Yankee produced and offered for sale an article which he called 'an elegant tortoise-shell comb,' and he sold it, for a high price, to an old woman who had died of love and green apples!

'Proceeding into the interior,' they presently reach the judgment-seat of old RHADAMANTHUS, where sentence is passed upon all who arrive in the infernal dominions. The court was sitting, and business seemed to be carried on with a dispatch quite unknown to our 'upper' tribunals. Presently one of the constables calls out:

'VIRGIL HOSKINS! — VIRGIL HOSKINS!'

'Here!' answers the Yankee peddler, quaking up to the bar.

RHADAMANTHUS was seated with a great number of huge account-books before him: 'VIRGIL HOSKINS is your name, is it?' said he: 'here it is, among the Hs, pp. 49,358: ah, VIRGIL, there is a terribly long account against you. Let's see a few of the charges:

'VIRGIL HOSKINS, DR.

'JUNE 27, 18 —: To selling, in the course of one peddling expedition, 497,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,532 Spanish segars, made of oak leaves, and six hundred and forty-seven wooden clocks.'

'What do you say to *that* charge, HOSKINS?

HOSKINS: 'Say to it? Why, that was counted, in our place, about the greatest peddlin' trip that ever was made over the Potomac.'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'June 29, 18 —: 'To stealing an old grind-stone, covering it with cotton cloth, smearing it over with butter, and selling it as a cheese.'

HOSKINS: (*in great surprise*:) 'Jimminy! — you would punish a man for *that*, would ye?'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'December 13, 1780: To making a counterfeit dollar out of pewter, when you were six years old, and cheating your own father with it.'

HOSKINS: 'My parent was real glad when he found it out: he said it showed I had a genius.'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'To taking a worn-out pair of shoes, which you found in the road, and selling them to an old lady, as being the actual shoes of Saint PAUL.'

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HOSKINS, (*with exultation* :) 'I made four dollars and twelve and a half cents by that operation!'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'July 2, 18—: 'To taking an empty old watch-case, putting a live cricket into it, and then selling it as a patent-lever in full motion.'

HOSKINS: 'He! he! he! —wal, that *was* one of the 'cutest tricks I ever played in all my life!'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'It would occupy me a week, HOSKINS, to go through all the charges against you. I really am getting entirely out of patience with New-England, for it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, where nearly all your countrymen already are, with that same old grind-stone tied to your neck.'

After the Yankee had been thus disposed of, there were a few other cases. Among the rest, an old Virginian was condemned for fishing on Sunday; a Kentuckian for horse-stealing; a Georgian for hard-swearing; and a South-Carolinian for taking part with the General Government against his own State.

Leaving the court of Rhadamanthus, the 'NULLIFIER' and his companion KALOUF pursue their journey, not 'into the interior' of the infernal dominion, but toward one of the provinces on its borders, milder in its climate, and less fearful in aspect. The sub-terrestrial picture is drawn with wonderful scenic effect. Let us segregate and condense some of the elementary accessories: To the left, stretched a vast ridge of mountains, of immeasurable height, whose summits were hidden from view: their midway rocks were bare and blackened; continual thunders rolled around them; and incessant flashes of the fiercest lightnings played against their blasted sides: deep caverns pierced their base, whence issued the elements in their strength: furious winds roared out of some, while others vomited forth torrents of molten minerals, or volumes of murky flame. Occasionally, through infrequent gaps in the mountain, glimpses might be caught of the region beyond, for the most part veiled in a deep and awful gloom: save when, from time to time, a gleam of lurid light would flash through the darkness, a volcano blaze forth with fiercer fury, or the broad bosom of a burning lake be lighted up with a redder, ruddier glow. Turning from this region, however, they soon entered a country much more earthly in appearance. 'Indeed,' says our 'NULLIFIER,' 'any one who will travel through certain portions of North or South-Carolina, in the month of August, may see whole districts little less hot and desolate. The sand was knee-deep, the atmosphere oppressively warm, and the earth parched and shadeless. 'Sulphur-springs' were numerous; but during my whole journey, I saw not a single drop of water; and there appeared to be a great scarcity of all other fluids. I believe I may safely say, that if there be any vice from which the inhabitants are free, it is that of hard-drinking.'

But the reader must not forget that KALOUF, our traveller's diabolical companion, is on his way to be married; and at length the twain reach the habitation of the parents of the bride, where every thing betokens the exalted notion which the family entertain of their consequence and gentility. A 'numerous and fashionable company' was fast assembling. Too lazy to use their own wings, some came mounted on huge ravens or vultures; others trotted up on the backs of tigers or hyenas; while the old women came trooping through the air on broom-sticks. All things indicated that a most uproarious frolic was about to take place.

Among the various preparations, howbeit, which meet our traveller's eyes, he is especially struck with a sort of infernal barbecue which was being cannibalistically cooked in the yard; reprobates roasting whole, upon spits before large fires: 'The reader must understand, moreover, that such is the nature of these captives, that no punishment or process to which they may possibly be subjected, can ever put an end to their sensation and existence. Thus the operation of being roasted, carved, and eaten, by a number of voracious devils, instead of destroying or diminishing, greatly increases the capacity for further suffering. For, in that case, each separate particle becomes endowed with a distinct life, and a keener sensibility to pain; and the portions which had composed the body, scattered probably thousands of miles apart; a finger here, a rib there, a slice of the tender-loin somewhere else; are allowed no rest, until they search each other out, and reunite in their former shape; a business which cannot require less than many centuries of crawling to accomplish: and it is no sooner done, perhaps, than another crew of hungry demons catch the re-integrated culprit, and inflict upon him a repetition of the same tedious and disagreeable process.'

Among the unlucky wights, 'thus converted into roasters,' our nullifying traveller sees several whose faces he remembers. One is 'a high dignitary of the bench, and author of a big book, upon a spit made expressly to suit him, with *'eight points'*—a learned South-Carolina Judge, who was in the habit, while holding court, of beating his own constables when they attempted to preserve the peace; and an old woman named WILLIAM SMITH.' But the most conspicuous personage of them all was 'a little bald-headed old man, who seemed to be in a constant passion. He was incessantly scolding the cooks, either for turning the spit too fast, or too slow, or for letting it remain still. Nothing could please him. He had once been, while upon earth, somewhat notorious as a member of Congress from Rhode-Island!'

The black fiddlers have given the signal for the dancing to begin; beaux 'dressed most flamingly,' and young ladies with garments even shorter than BURNS' 'cuttie sark,' are capering away, and the fun growing 'fast and furious,' when all at once the alarm is given: '*The enemy is upon us!—the enemy! the enemy!*'

All was now confusion and dismay: the devils rushed forth and prepared for a bold defence, and new recruits poured in from all quarters. Having sallied out with the rest, our 'NULLIFIER' is enabled to survey the invading enemy, approaching in hostile array, and in vast numbers. They are armed with long spindles, and a great variety of patent weapons, of curious form and contrivance. Among their numerous leaders, there were three who seemed to be preëminent. The one in front, who commanded the right wing, was mounted on a large cow, of the real English breed, and dressed in a shining suit of new broadcloth. The reader will perceive, without much trouble, from the remarks with which he endeavors to animate the courage of his followers, that he belongs to a subterranean army of PROTECTIONISTS. He animates them with the assurance, that 'of all the discoveries which have enlightened and benefited the race, *Political Economy* has been carried to the highest *points*,' and established conclusions never before dreamed of; such as:

'That two and two do not make four, but something else, not *explicitly* determined as yet:

'That the higher the tax upon articles of merchandise, the lower will be the price: and that no limit can be assigned to the cheapness thus to be attained:

'All which,' adds the General of the Right Wing, 'is proved in that invaluable work, *'The Register,'* published by me, at five dollars per annum. Let us establish the reign of these grand principles! Look at *me*, my countrymen! Do you see this new coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, of superfine blue broad-cloth? They are a present to me from the Pawtucket Manufacturing Company. In the last ten years, I have received in presents 2347 coats, 1938 waistcoats, 2551 pairs of pantaloons, 1496 hats, and 13,683 pairs of shoes, as tokens of admiration of my talents, and as a slight remuneration for my services in raising prices and manufactories. Come on, then, my brave soldiers! — calico shall soon sell for two dollars a yard, and each of you shall be dressed as fine as I am!'

This editorial 'leader' will be as readily recognized, even at this distant day, as the leader of the left wing, who was 'mounted on a large sheep!' He bore in one hand *'The Olive-Branch,'* and in the other a pamphlet, entitled 'The Rubicon.' He made a speech, in the same vein as that of the other commander, and then gave the word for the forces which he led, to 'move on to the charge!' They advance, but are brought to a stand by a small rivulet of sulphur: 'Ah, my friends!' exclaims the dismayed General, 'this must be the Rubicon — do n't let us pass the Rubicon!' So *this* division of the army was brought to a dead halt.

'A far mightier spirit, nobler in form, prouder in bearing, and fiercer and more intellectual in aspect,' next advances with gleaming eye, and a port like an angel of light: 'He rode upon a large Kentucky boar, that upreared his bristles, and scattered the foam from his long, keen tusks, as his rider spurred him furiously about, marshaling his forces. His banner was a piece of coarse hempen cloth; in one hand he bore aloft a knife and fork — in the other a pack of cards. Hark! — he is prepared to speak, and the whole army is hushed in expectation: when lo! a most strange and uncouth figure rushes forward. It is the Rhode-Islander, half roasted, with the spit still sticking through his body! He had not been well-watched by the infernal cooks; and 'discovering that speechifying was going on, he had broken loose, determined to have his share.' All attempts to arrest him prove ineffectual. He succeeds in mounting a convenient eminence, and with vehement tone and gesture, begins; when: 'At the awful sounds of his voice, the whole multitude, devils and spirits of all sorts and degrees, scattered in universal dismay. Every purpose was forgotten, except that of escape from the horrid noise.' Partaking in the general panic, our 'NULLIFIER' and his travelling companion, flee in hot haste, and neither pause nor look behind them, until they find themselves safely back in the upper world.

Let us leave this scene of 'Nullification' Disaffection, and Stronghold of Protectionists, and pass to a 'higher sphere' of upper-world love and affection.

No sooner has our traveller and his companion returned to the earth, than the former visits the house of the father of his adored LAURA — the most exquisitely graceful, beautiful, and lovely of her sex: the truth bursts upon him all at once, that he is '*again the Victim of Love!*' And what madness was this, by which he was overcome! Had he forgotten the bond with the DEVIL, to which he had subscribed, and the tremendous penalty attached to its violation? Was he willing to purchase a fleeting pleasure, at the price of everlasting anguish? These awful

reflections, however, were always instantly dispelled 'by the magic of the dear one's presence,' and he resigns himself to the overpowering passion which it inspired. The fear of distant pain outweighed the temptation to present pleasure. Possession of *her*, he reasoned, would be cheaply purchased at *any price* whatever. 'For *thirty years*' was the bond: how could he hesitate? 'Would he not enjoy with her a whole life-time of supreme felicity?'

Of *course* it would: so, time and place fitting, (all of which is very beautifully described,) he offers himself, and is accepted. He remains with her for several days afterward, being 'unable to tear himself from her presence.' The necessity of settling some affairs, preliminary to his marriage, which his LAURA had consented should take place soon, calls him to the city; where he remains only eight or ten days, when a messenger from his betrothed's father informs him of her sudden and dangerous illness. The messenger had been two days on the road, and the distance was between sixty and seventy miles. By KALOUF's power he might have traversed the distance in a few moments: but he had left that useful adjunct ('playing the DEVIL,' it is to be supposed) in the country. Mounting a fleet horse, he arrives only in time to 'seek *her grave*, and pour over it tears of unutterable anguish and despair.' A fervid picture of unshaken-love and devouring grief, will afford here a good example of our 'NULLIFIER's style of writing in this kind:

'I WAS conducted to the spot where LAURA was interred. She had chosen to be buried, not in the crowded and monumented church-yard, but in the quiet solitude where I first met and last beheld her. There, in the midst of the scenes which when living she had loved to frequent, the relics of the beautiful maid reposed. The lofty trees beneath whose shade she had so often passed the summer noon in maiden meditation, now waved their leafy branches above her grave; the silver stream that had soothed her ear with its murmuring flow, now seemed to wail along its pebbly channel with a constant dirge; while the flowers which her own hand had planted, breathed around their dying fragrance, and shed their melancholy bloom. In unutterable anguish I threw myself upon the spot where my buried love was laid; where, separated from me only by a few feet of earth, and a sod not yet green, now mouldered that dust which had been once perfection. I felt that she whose presence alone rendered earth lovely and life delightful, was no more; and for me nothing remained but to bewail her loss with an eternal grief. Hour after hour rolled on, while, regardless of the flight of time, I remained stretched upon that sacred grave, pouring forth alternately the lamentations of love, the groans of anguish, or the imprecations of despair. The long day passed away; the evening came and departed, and was followed by the gloomy twilight; until at length the silver moon and diamond stars glittered in the mid-night sky. As I looked around on the calm of nature, and the solemn magnificence of the heavens, a softer and less vehement feeling stole insensibly over my thoughts: 'Ye wild solitudes,' I exclaimed, 'ye lofty hills, and ancient woods, and gushing fountains, and springing flowers!—ye can sympathize, ye can weep with me, for ye know what I have lost! Through your deep recesses my LAURA delighted to wander, or to repose beneath your quiet shade; and ye were witnesses when she vowed to me the first love of her virgin heart. But never again shall ye behold her nymph-like step, and graceful form. That shape of beauty now moulders coldly in the grave, and over it my heart must break, or my tears never cease to flow! Ye bright and everlasting stars! it is to your realms of life and love that her pure spirit has ascended. But if the remembrance of any thing earthly ever enters an angel's thoughts,

or thrills an angel's heart, I know that even in that blissful heaven I am not forgotten. Perhaps, at this moment, from some one of yonder radiant worlds, my LAURA looks fondly upon me with pitying and celestial love.'

While he is thus speaking, his eye accidentally turns to a single star, in a particular quarter of the heavens. He at once recognizes it as one which 'his LAURA' had fancifully selected one night as her future habitation. In the ardor of the moment, he determines to visit it, and forthwith summons his attendant devil: 'KALOUF, I have good reason to believe that my LAURA now inhabits yonder brilliant star: put on your wings, and take me there as quickly as possible.' KALOUF gazes upward, with a sigh, and explains that he can't do it: his limits are the earth and the lower regions: the fair domain of the skies he is forbidden to enter: 'All I can do, is to enable you to get there alone:' and he adds, that living, as he had, at the centre of the earth, he had found out what was the mystery of gravitation, and knew how to modify or destroy it: 'an enemy of motion, you shall no longer be subject to its power.'

Accordingly, the demon, (by a process which our 'NULLIFIER' 'does not consider himself at liberty to divulge,') extracts every particle of weight from his body, and he stands upon the earth as light and free as an ethereal spirit! 'Now,' said KALOUF, 'you know that whenever you begin to move in any direction, and meet with no obstruction, you can keep on forever with undiminished velocity. In order that you may safely reach the star which you wish to visit, it is only necessary to apply some propelling power, to be sure that you start in a straight line toward it, and to guard against starvation by the way. I will see to all these, and will attend you some thirty or forty miles of the journey, to satisfy myself that you are getting on prosperously, and keeping in the right course.'

And hereupon the diabolical compounder begins his preparations. In an hour or two a large quantity of fulminating *matériel* is provided, which is disposed with great care, beneath an immense bag of provisions, made, by a similar process, as light as the aeronaut himself! Seated upon the bag, fire is applied to the powder below, and as it explodes, our 'NULLIFIER' is launched into the air 'with a velocity far exceeding that of a cannon-ball.' KALOUF spreads his broad black wings, and goes flying alongside, having hard work to keep up, occasionally pushing the star-voyager on one side or the other, to give the proper direction to his flight. We must let the intrepid aeronaut relate the incidents of this high-flown excursion in his own uncondensed words:

'The earth faded gradually from my sight, as I flew swiftly upward through the blue expanse. My heart dilated with pride and exultation as I looked down upon the diminished world. 'Contemptible mortals!' I exclaimed, 'that inhabit yonder lump of dirt, I renounce all fellowship with you, and bid you and your vile world farewell forever! While you are chained to the dull earth, and crawl like worms along its surface, I mount into the skies, and roam at pleasure through the sapphire fields of heaven. Possessed at once of the substance of a mortal and the freedom of a disembodied spirit, I can fly from star to star, and explore every quarter of the universe!'

'I thus spoke in the vanity of my heart, as I rose triumphantly into the ethereal regions. But alas! soon did I repent bitterly of my foolish presumption. For some time I went on quite prosperously, and toward the end of the seventh day, found my-

self almost in contact with the star at which I intended to stop. But, of course, I was moving in a straight line, without the power of varying its direction. Imagine my unutterable vexation and consternation, when, after a journey of so many millions of miles, I found that I should miss the planet by about fifteen inches! KALOUF and I had made some slight mistake in our calculation. For several miles I passed so near to its surface that I was continually endeavoring to grasp the tops of the trees with my hands, but alas! I could not quite reach them.

Meanwhile, as I passed along, I had a fair view of the celestial nymphs who inhabit that lovely star. They are indeed charming beyond any thing that mortal fancy ever dreamed of. Were 'the statue that enchants the world' suddenly animated with a soul, and it were to step from its pedestal warm with the fresh glow of young existence, it would not look one thousandth part as beautiful. I almost thought one or two of them half equal to my lost and adored LAURA. Deeply did I lament that I could not alight, and pass the rest of my days in that delightful country. But the power which impelled me onward was above my control. I took a last sad look at the fair creatures whom I was never to behold again, and was hurried away with undiminished velocity into the regions of illimitable space.

'As I travelled onward, I continually hoped that some time or other I should arrive at a stopping-place. I saw, and passed by, innumerable worlds, but was so unfortunate as to miss them all. . . . I know not for how many months or years I travelled onward. At length I seemed about to pass the utmost limits of the creation. The planets had totally faded from my sight, and the scattered rays of a few distant stars only feebly penetrated the increasing gloom. I shuddered with agony and horror as I perceived that I was leaving forever the realms of life and light, and entering the boundless solitudes where COLD and DARKNESS still maintain their primeval empire. Suddenly, my flight was interrupted by a wall of immeasurable height. In this wall was a gate of immense size, through some slight crevices of which flashed forth gleams of the intensest radiance. Beside this portal there stood keeping guard a creature so prodigious that my eyes could not half discern his size. 'You little rascal!' exclaimed the grim giant, 'what are you doing here with that big bag of bread and meat? Back to the vile world from whence you came, and never again let me catch you in this forbidden region!' Thus speaking, the huge monster seized me with his strong hand. Whirling me around his head, and giving full sweep to an arm at least a thousand miles in length, he hurled me back toward the earth with the velocity of a thunder-bolt.

'I thus returned, even more rapidly than I had left it, toward my native world. The giant had thrown me with so true an aim that I followed almost exactly the route by which I had come. Proceeding at the rate of about ten thousand feet in a second, in eighteen months I again beheld that world of which I thought I had taken an eternal farewell. My usual ill-luck seemed again to attend me; for I found myself going a little too much to one side. Fortunately, however, I passed over the centre of the Arctic circle, and thus came in contact with the North Pole, which projects several thousand miles above the surface. I seized it, and arrested my flight; and then jumping off toward America, I landed in the State of Connecticut.'

Where the 'NULLIFIER' landed; how he was received and treated; what wonderful adventures afterward befell him; the thrilling history of a Life in Death; and how, at the last, even the DEVIL himself is *nullified*—lo! all these things are written, and will appear, in a third and concluding 'Part,' in our next number.

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER: NUMBER THREE.—And so we commenced the Magazine. WILLIS, whose whole heart was in it, was at the same time the editor of the *Philadelphia Daily Gazette*: but for his twin brother, his pen was not idle. Dear WILLIS! how he did work for us! When we forget it, when the tears swell not to our eyes as we think of it, may our right hand forget its cunning! After going to see Colonel STONE, as mentioned in our last number, we dropped down with Mr. EDSON to see Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, at the office of the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, then in the near neighborhood of the present Custom-House. Mr. BRYANT was in, and WILLIAM LEGGETT was writing at an adjoining desk. Our business was briefly announced: we wanted the 'cheap commodity of advice.' Mr. BRYANT, in conversation with us, remarked that he had rather edit the daily '*Evening Post*' than a monthly magazine. 'I have been through the mill,' said he, 'in the old '*United States Review*.' Your work hangs on you like an incubus, for a month at a time: whereas now I am a free man every day, after two o'clock.' Nevertheless, Mr. BRYANT promised us his 'good word,' and perhaps a future 'ink-shed' from his pen. How well both of these promises have been kept, even up to the present time, the columns of the '*Evening Post*' and the pages of this magazine will abundantly bear witness.

When the books of the KNICKERBOCKER were passed over to us by its then publisher, we received from that gentleman not a few manuscripts: among which was a 'parcel of stuff by old FLINT,' as it was termed; and this 'stuff' was that noble series of papers on '*Peace-Societies*,' which met with such cordial reception, both at home and abroad. We have been informed that they were published in pamphlet-form, and very widely circulated by the Peace-Societies of Great-Britain. Let us, by a single brief extract, afford our present readers some idea of the 'stuff' which composed the articles in question. The following description of the horrors of war, in our judgment has seldom been exceeded:

'AFTER many gorgeous scenes in which princes have conferred honors and swords upon commanders, who are to go forth and fight manfully for their country and their king! after beauty and innocence—strange infatuation!—have smiled upon the future murderers, and with their hands have waved them on to their bloody purpose; the terrible pageant, externally all glitter, pomp, and circumstance, and within all hunger, disease, corruption, and misery, marches, with its squadrons and divisions, cavalry and artillery, banners displayed, pennons streaming, and martial music resounding; and as the squadrons move on in their regular and serried ranks, the admiring multitudes from city, village, and field, gaze with quickened pulses and throbbing bosoms, and say, as the host moves by, 'This is glorious war!'

'The grand army, plundering alike friend and enemy, in its passage, has finally passed the broad stream or mountain-range or frith of the sea, that separates their country from that of their foe. Long columns of smoke stream up from their line of march, indicating that villages are burned and fields trampled in the dust; that unoffending peasants, who know nothing about the causes of the invasion, contribute their last blanket and last loaf—it may be, are harnessed to the artillery, to drag forward the cannon to fire upon their kindred and countrymen. Their wives and daughters are violated under their eye; and their fathers and mothers and helpless

infants, are left to die of destitution and despair, as they are forced away as prisoners of war. These are the exploits which have been consecrated with fasting and prayer!

'In the progress of march, a district of country many leagues in extent has been desolated with fire and blood. Before them are green fields and populous villages, and a country bright with all the cheerfulness of cultivation and life. Behind is desolation and silence! Their foe has been preparing to meet them; and now hundreds of thousands of soldiers, waiting an appointed signal to murder each other, are separated only by a narrow interval, which the desolation of war has not yet touched.

'We are told that it often happens in such cases that the sentinels of the opposing armies, the night before battle, meet, interchange salutations and mutual kind offices, but a few hours before they are called out to cut each other's throats. In what strong relief do such facts present the guilt of those merciless rulers, who thus convert men formed to love and help each other, into deadly enemies!

'The signal is given to go forth to the terrible work. Forthwith the explosion of artillery, in long-repeated and terrible bursts, is heard. Squadrons of cavalry thunder over the plain. Steel clangs with steel, in the desperate conflict of life for life. In the midst of smoke, darkness, and the infernal din of all that is astounding in the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair, the combatants feel a strange unconcern and indifference to life—a madness like that which arrack and opium give to the desperate Malay—which they feel in no other position; an indifference which renders them careless to consequences, and causes them, with an unblanching eye, to note the streaming carnage, and hear without feeling the wild wail of death-groans around them. For a moment, the central arena is a *melée* of infantry and cavalry in wild confusion, in which the clang of sabres is heard over the fierce shouts or the cries of agony. The veteran mercenary, trained to coolness, even in this horrid scene, watches with eye and hand, and braced muscle, the moment to thrust home his steel to his opponent's bosom; happy, if, while intent on that issue, an unwatched foe seize not the unguarded moment and vital space, and give *him* the death-blow he was meditating for another. Some of the fallen wretches are uttering loud cries for water. Others implore the passing friend or foe to finish their agony. Over the bodies of the wounded travel the cavalry, at the height of their speed. The grinding wheels of the artillery plough other half-expiring victims deep in the soil. Others, still breathing, still supplicating mercy, are thrown beneath masses of the dead, into the fosse, to make a bridge of bodies. On this point of fierce conflict, a park of artillery is finally brought to bear; and victors and vanquished, and the untouched warriors in the thickest of the fight, are promiscuously swept away in columns. The loud 'hurrah' of the conquering assailants pursuing their foe, is replaced by the low and expiring moans of the dying. Such is battle. Forty thousand young and vigorous men lie dead, or dying, on the field. Thousands of war-horses are scattered in confusion among them. Greedy and heartless plunderers, the vampires of battle, are gathering up the wrecks, and stripping the dead, and giving the last fatal thrust to the dying; while intermixed among them are friends and relatives—children, parents, wives—searching, and yet fearing to find among the fallen, those dear to them as life. Such is the central point of the picture; and burning towns and a smoking and desolated country, in all the visible distance, form the back-ground. Extravagant and abhorrent and out of nature as this spectacle may seem, it has been presented, with the reality of horrors a hundred-fold more revolting, in every period of history, and in the fairest portions of every civilized country.

'The battle, however, is past: a battle fiercely contested from the rising to the setting of a summer's day. What heart would not sicken at the horrid spectacle? What ruler, whose nature was not waxing fiendish, would not pause before he yielded any contribution of influence to produce a scene thus abhorrent and accursed in the sight of God and men? My heart bleeds at the sight! for all these fallen were my brethren, with nerves as susceptible, hopes and fears as intense as my own; and they had equal claims to continue to caress their children, behold the bright sun, and exult in feeling life and admiring God's beautiful creation. I look abroad where yesterday there were so many thousand men, with hearts beating warm, so many villages, groves, farm-houses, peasants, birds singing in the branches, and the hope of harvest waving in the breeze. It now presents smouldering ruins, a soil polluted with blood, covered with corpses — a picture all loathsomeness and horror!

'Were I to follow the letters and messengers to forty thousand dwellings, announcing to mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, orphans, the names of the slain; were I to attempt to delineate the general result of sweeping disease in all the immediate vicinity of the battle, and of individual poverty, helplessness, and despair, blasting the bereaved cottages, (for most of the fallen were dwellers in cabins,) the picture of misery would be too vast and indistinct to produce a clear perception of the result. Life-blood poured out as water, may have swollen to a river without presenting the eye and the heart with distinct conceptions of the amount of misery which has been caused in consequence.'

This eloquent article, with an able paper upon TALLEYRAND, written by one who had known long and well the wily minister and surpassing wit, were the specialité of our opening number. It was the writer of this last-named article who first told the dry bon-mot of TALLEYRAND, which so took the conceit out of a young coxcomb at some table in Paris where he chanced to be dining. 'My mother,' said the dandy, 'was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I have ever seen.' 'Ah!' said TALLEYRAND, looking him through, and 'taking his measure' at once, 'it was your *father*, then, who was not good-looking!' But this is a digression.

We may say, here, that the reception given to the first number of the KNICKERBOCKER issued under our supervision, by the universal press of the country, was cordial in the extreme: and the kindness then exhibited by our contemporaries, let us most gratefully add, has been continued up to the present time — a quarter of a century. The general 'spirit of the press' was well expressed by the '*New-York American*,' which, in the person of our friend, its editor, CHARLES KING, Esq., now the honored head of Columbia College, said: 'The KNICKERBOCKER has changed Proprietor and Editor, and has improved by the change, both in the matter and manner of its articles. A vain-glorious tone of superiority, unsustained by real merit of any sort, has given place to the quiet and gentle address of men who respect the judgment of their readers, and aim not, by proclaiming their own excellence, to forestall public opinion.' And long afterward it was said: 'The KNICKERBOCKER, which has been constantly advancing in interest since it passed into the hands of its present proprietors, is now the first magazine in America. The number for the present month is an honor to the country.'

In the second number of the Magazine, issued under our editorial charge, there appeared *one* article, from the pen of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, which was no less

remarkable for its trenchant style, than for its triumphant success in abating a 'literary nuisance.' It was entitled '*American Poets and their Critics*;' and consigned to deserved contempt and oblivion one Dr. J — Mc H —, of Philadelphia, author of much poor prose and poorer verse, at one time editor and publisher of a monthly periodical, and who, for some inscrutable reason, was permitted by Mr. ROBERT WALSH to occupy the chair of poetical criticism in the short-lived '*American Quarterly Review*,' of which he was the editor. It is not too much to say, that literarily and literally speaking, this paper killed the quarterly critic '*very dead*' indeed. He never published another line in this country; but went abroad, and printed in London, in two volumes, a long prosy poem in twelve 'books,' called '*The Antediluvians*,' of which *Blackwood's Magazine* gave this ample and comprehensive critique: 'To compare these two volumes with a couple of bottles of small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid!' The article cut the little Doctor to the very quick. He used to visit the 'Athenæum' in Philadelphia, where the KNICKERBOCKER was taken, and smuggle it away under other publications, to prevent its being read; but it 'would n't do;' the librarian invariably 'twigged' him, and again exposed the purple-covered *missile* to general view. The article really created more sensation than we remember to have seen excited by any one paper in any American periodical. It was a cheerful but most cutting notice of the reviewer's pretensions and failures. It took a view of his critical efforts, in which he had pronounced Lord BYRON, 'a poor titled rhymester,' whose 'hobbling poetry had pestered the world;' whose writings had 'not a particle of soul in them,' and who 'bullied the crowd into reading his bad English;' in which, also, he condemned the best productions of Sir WALTER SCOTT, whom he called an 'unknown Scotchman,' as 'stupid, slovenly, full of blackguards and scoundrels, as common as Scotch thistles,' 'disgracefully constructed,' etc.; concluding with a piece of advice to Sir WALTER, that 'the sooner he quitted writing, the better it would be for his reputation.' Of WASHINGTON IRVING his opinions were, that he was 'a disagreeable, heavy writer,' whose 'style was awkward,' and whose 'silly productions were only calculated for the pages of two-penny primers to amuse children.' He pronounced HALLECK 'a contemptible *doggerellist*,' with 'no satirical power;' PERCIVAL he dubbed as 'senseless;' and he condemned entirely the best works of our great author, COOPER. BRYANT, he said, in the pages of the '*American Quarterly*,' was 'not worth reading,' and had 'never written a passage fit to remember.' The writer in the KNICKERBOCKER contrasted these paltry opinions with the brilliant success of the writers thus mentioned; and then, in order to show what weight ought to be attached to the opinions of *such* a critic, he proceeded to examine *his* works. To this end, he brought up from among 'the weeds on Lethe's wharf' a large number of dead and gone volumes by the same writer, that had been buried by the '*North American Review*,' and other public authorities. He bared these failures to the day, and a more ludicrous unurning has seldom been made. The public felt that the *exposé* had been a desideratum, and with one consent they applauded the circumstance. The popular journals of the time gave their full assent to the article, and their choicest laughter at the 'subject.' The writer proved beyond cavil that all the productions of the critic evinced his want of taste, and ability in his judgment of poetry, since so much of his own was not only common-place, but

ridiculous; and since every prose-volume from his pen, of which great numbers had been written, had fallen still-born from the press. He contended justly, that no man could judge rightly of others, when his own writings contained so many faults of taste and execution as to *fail at once*. And this, we conceive, was the best possible criterion. Who would have heeded the opinions of GIFFORD, if his 'JUVENAL' had been proved to be a miserable performance, unfaithful to the original?—or of JOHNSON, if his writings had been tame and flat, abounding with errors of grammar and taste?

Nothing, as we have said, could be more cordial than the reception of this article by the public. The '*New-York American*,' a high and standard literary authority at that period, eulogized it as 'a capital article, wherein the impostures of that miserable literary charlatan, the Hibernico-Philadelphia-Reviewer, are most justly and humorously exposed. The fact of the editor of the '*American Quarterly*' allowing so absurd a charlatan to figure in that publication, renders him respectable enough, in a literary point of view, to receive the lashing which has been administered to him by the KNICKERBOCKER.' Such, let us repeat, in concluding our remarks upon this portion of our narrative, was the universal judgment of the public press. The 'little Doctor,' like a 'twopenny-dip,' was snuffed into darkness, from the very day that the article in question appeared.

It is no longer ago than last summer, that we remember reading in a daily journal an account of a visit paid to our friend and neighbor over the river, Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING: and in the course of a conversation, pleasantly enough reported, and not invading implied privacy, was mentioned a remark of the courteous host: to the effect that he had, in former days, not been entirely insensible to adverse and disingenuous criticism: and the very 'Philadelphia publication' (the Monthly Magazine to which we have alluded) was mentioned as having 'not a little annoyed him.' That the drone of such a stingless wasp should for one moment have 'annoyed' such a writer as GEOFFREY CRAYON, is of itself ample excuse for the paper which 'finished' his 'critic,' and for our reference to it here.

We shall have somewhat to say, in an ensuing number, touching a few of the papers which succeeded the foregoing, in the same volume; articles which attracted much attention at the time, and the history of the origin of which will not, we think, be without interest to the reader. In relation to two of these, Mr. JAMES K. PAULDING, not then personally known to us, addressed us a letter so warmly commendatory, that it was for many months afterward a solace and a reward to us in our labors for the 'Literary Guild' of our common country. Without adverting farther to these at present, we may say, in closing this subsection of our narrative, that the other papers in the volume mentioned, the Fourth, which excited the most attention, were the first and second of a series of articles from the learned pen of Prof. SAMUEL L. METCALF, upon '*Molecular Attraction*' and '*Terrestrial Magnetism*,' *The Past, the Present, and the Future*,' and a paper by the author of the article upon TALLEYRAND, on '*The Secret Police of Napoleon*.'

The length and variety of matter in this department of the present number, and the 'short month' in which we scribble, have saved our readers from the perusal, *this* time, of any farther gossip touching the old-time history of our Magazine.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Seldom have we regretted a 'circumstance' more, than our inability to be present, in compliance with the courteous and kindly invitation of the officers of the 'New-York BURNS Club,' at their late '*Centennial Anniversary in Honor of Robert Burns.*' It was simply impossible for us to be present: and hence, we 'mourned the more, because we mourned in vain:' but our heart was with the Club, and the numerous and 'goodlie companie' which they had assembled around them: for we were present at the first dinner of the Club, after its formation, at the old Waverley-House, in Broadway, (Dr. CUMMING, of the '*Scottish Journal*,' presiding; BRYANT and HALLECK on our right and left — and the *Haggis* 'ancient, and of a fish-like smell,' but fortunately, removable, bodily.) Since then, we have seldom been absent from the anniversary festival of the Club, under its various presidencies. Now that the reports of the proceedings of the British festivals in honor of the 'immortal memory of ROBERT BURNS' are reaching us in detail, we are enabled to say, that *thus far*, we have seen *no* festival equal, intellectually or 'creature-comfort'-ly, to the Astor-House Festival. The wide-reaching, all-embracing picture of the *universal* tribute to BURNS, given by BRYANT, as chairman, in his opening, has not been *approached* by any thing in its kind which we have seen from Britain. Mr. ARCHIBALD ALISON, presiding at Glasgow, came far short of this portion of BRYANT's speech; and the estimate of the MAN and the BARD, by our countryman, we will leave it to any Scottish lover of BURNS to classify in the comparison. Our old friend and contemporary, Mr. FULLER, formerly of the New-York '*Evening Mirror*' afternoon journal, now travelling abroad, was at the Centennial Anniversary at Dumfries, Scotland! Think of *that* — for as HALLECK says, 'The Poet's tomb is there.' His letter in the '*Daily Times*,' in our city, descriptive of that event, is replete with interest; but as before these pages will meet the eyes of our readers, it will doubtless be widely copied by the thousand-and-one BURNS-loving editors of our country, we refrain from 'appropriation:' save only this matter-full extract from a letter of the venerable LEIGH HUNT to the Managerial Committee of the Festival. He says:

'WHAT is the reason of this difference between the fond love of the memory of such a man as BURNS, and the no love at all for those other great men, SHAKESPEARE himself not excepted? For personal regard mixes little with our astonishment at SHAKESPEARE's genius, perhaps because of the very amount of the astonishment, and because we know little personally about him. The reason is, that BURNS we do know; that we are astonished at him, but not enough to be oppressed with the astonishment; and that he fulfils all the other conditions necessary to universal regard. He is allied to the greatest minds by his genius, to the gravest by his grave thoughts, to the gayest by his gay ones, to the manliest by his independence, to the frail by his frailties, to the conscientious by his regrets, to the humblest ranks by his birth, to the poorest among them by his struggles with necessity; above all, to the social by his companionship, and to the whole world by his being emphatically a human creature, 'relishing all sharply, passionate as they,' excluding none from his sympathy but those who have no feeling for others, and having a reserve of pity in his contempt even for those, because they were not their own makers, and are but a sorry, losing kind of devils, after all.

He even ventured, like good, brave, pious Uncle TOBY, to pity the very devil himself, and wish him penitent, and out of his den; which is what few Christians, very few indeed, have ventured to do after him: though assuredly it is an expression of the profoundest Christian charity, and does him immortal honor.'

The London journals are half-filled with the proceedings of the BURNS' Festivals in all the principal cities and towns in Great Britain. At the Sydenham Crystal Palace, *fourteen thousand* persons assembled to do honor to the 'immortal memory' of SCOTIA'S Great Bard! Why could not *some* one of the 'Circulating Mediums' among our multitudinous humbugous 'Spiritualists' have echoed the spirit of BURNS, as it looked down upon that *one* assemblage out of thousands? Not in *their* 'bosh,' but in such simple, forceful, inimitable, simple language, as he himself would have used, revisiting again 'the glimpses of the moon' one hundred years after he was born? And *apropos* of this, let us quote here the brief remarks of his son, at the dinner we have mentioned, at which Mr. ALISON, the 'learned Chair-man' of the occasion, presided. That gentleman closed with the remark: 'I have detained you too long: and I conclude in the words of the poet:

'A LAST request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him the bard that's far awa.'

Having resumed his seat 'amidst tremendous cheering,' during which 'the whole atmosphere was filled with waving handkerchiefs,' Colonel JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS, son of the immortal Poet of Scotland, who was received with the most enthusiastic applause, responded as follows:

'I HUMBLY thank my GOD that He has spared me to live to see this day, a day on which so many thousands in almost every part of the globe are paying homage to the genius of the bard of Scotia. My mother once told the late Mr. M'DIARMID of Dumfries that my father once said to her: 'JEAN, one hundred years hence they'll think mair o' me than they do now.' How truly his prophecy has been fulfilled, the proceedings here and elsewhere amply testify. I feel most grateful to you for the opportunity you have afforded me of being present at this, one of the most influential of these gatherings, presided over, as it is, by the celebrated and talented author of the History of Europe; supported by such well-known and distinguished men as Judge HALIBURTON, Principal BARCLAY, Sir DAVID BREWSTER, Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, and Mr. GLASSFORD BELL. In no place will the day be hailed and celebrated with more enthusiasm than in the far East, where I spent so many and such happy years. In proof of this I may quote a few lines written by my old friend, Colonel GEORGE ANDERSON VOTCH, the author of many a BURNS' birthday ode. In a poem of his, entitled 'The Exile in India,' he says:

'THE music of Scotia is sweet midst the scene,
But ah! could you hear it when seas roll between!
'Tis then, and then only, the soul can divine
The rapture that dwells in the songs o' lang syne.'

As a leal and true Scot, and a warm admirer of the genius of the bard, I have joined in doing honor to his memory. As his son, permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for the same.'

What wonder, that 'cheers,' loud, long, and reiterated, should have accompanied

these modest remarks from a son of ROBERT BURNS? - - - WOULD that it were possible for us to communicate to every lover of true satirical humor who reads the KNICKERBOCKER, the 'observations' which we heard the other evening from the lips of a waggish friend 'up-town,' who is not only thoroughly 'up' in the ancient classics, and a diligent student in old and modern English literature, but an accomplished proficient in the acquisition and utterance of the modern languages of Europe. The subject of conversation had turned upon *Shakspearian Commentators of the Modern Time*, and what they were doing for posterity: the

— 'MEN who view,
IN SHAKSPEARE, more than SHAKSPEARE knew.'

He said that the 'inner sense,' the 'interior comprehension,' of the *German* mind, had not only brought out new beauties in SHAKSPEARE, which were almost equal to some of the 'good things' of GOETHE, but that they had also greatly aided the appreciation of other and later poets by our modern bards. And, as an illustration, speaking of CAMPBELL, he said: '*There was a man of mind: of great poetic culture: an æsthetic Thinker, who had always a stand-point: his 'inner sense' was at times conspicuous. His defect was in imagery: in his details, he was not always felicitous; as for example, in that line of his in 'The Battle of Hohenlinden:'*

'Far flashed the *red* artillery.'

'Now, it is well known,' said our friend, 'that artillery is *not* red: not one person can be found who can truthfully say that he has ever seen a red cannon; nor was there a single cannon, as actually appears from the ordnance reports, in that engagement, which was not of brass. How much better, then, to have written:

'Far flashed the *brass* artillery!'

A bright brass cannon *would* 'flash,' in the light of its exploding charge; a red cannon never.' BURNS, too, was mentioned: and an emendation of the following lines in his '*Cottar's Saturday Night*' was suggested, which we confess had never struck us before:

'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

The last two of these lines are certainly open to improvement. Looking at a distance upon a hawthorn hedge, as you see that beautiful feature in an English landscape, you *see* that it is white with blossoms: but it is the *smell* of those blossoms which you *feel* with your 'inner sense:' so that when that smell is borne to you upon the evening breeze, your mind *extracts* from that invisible agent of pleasure the entire delight of the scene. *This*, then, by the introversion of the æsthetic German mind, should be the rendering:

'Beneath the *scent-white* thorn that *mills* the evening gale!'

'A moment's reflection will convince any poetically-framed mind how very much more impressive is this reading than the other!' Without altogether adopting our friend's version, we ventured to 'introvert' the subject, by coming back again to SHAKSPEARE: and we endeavored to repeat to him the 'new reading' of a part of

Macbeth, which an enthusiastic French student of SHAKSPEARE once gave to our departed correspondent and friend, 'JOHN WATERS,' (the late HENRY CARY, Esq.,) and which *he* could repeat to edification: 'Ah! your Mossieu' SHAK-ES-PIER! He is gr-r-aa-nd — mysterieuse — soo-blime! You 'ave reads ze MACABESS? — ze scene of ze Mossieu' MACABESS vis ze Vitch — eh? Superb sooblinitée! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-roynt ze, Vitch!' she go away: but what she *say* when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat aves got no naâme! 'Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aa-t vizout ze tail — *but*, I'll do! I'll do! I'll do! *W'at* she do? Ah, ha! — voila le graand mystérieuse Mossieu' SHAK-ES-PIER! She not *say* what she do!' This *was* 'grand,' to be sure; but the prowess of MACBETH, in his 'bout' with MACDUFF, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor: 'Mossieu' MACABESS, he see him come, clos' by: he say, (proud *empressement*,) 'Come o-o-n, Mossieu' MACADUFFS, and d — d be he who first say 'Enoffs!'' Zen zey fi-i-ght — moche. Ah, ha! — voila! Mossieu' MACABESS, vis his br-r-right r-r-appier 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand simplicité, 'Enoffs!' What *for* he say 'ENOFFS?' 'Cause he *got* enoffs — plaanty; and he *ex-pire*, r-r-right away, 'mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' SHAK-ES-PIER is rising man in La belle France!' Let not this sketch be inferred to be a caricature: it is simple truth, every word of it: authentic in *manner* as well, so far as *manner* can be conveyed by memory, and by pen and ink. - - - We mentioned, in a recent number, that we should advert again to a conversation which was held in the sanctum, with an English friend, who, digressing from the subject of *Stereoscopes*, gave us so vivid an impression of the outward aspect of St. PAUL's Cathedral. He was speaking of the great difficulty, if not utter impossibility, of laying *City Rail-road Tracks in London*, such as we have in this our goodly metropolis: 'Why, you might as well talk,' said he, 'of a bridge across the straits of Dover! The city is too hilly to admit of tracks, unless they were suspended. Again: the traffic is so great that vehicles in the main streets, running East and West, are compelled to move along in 'solemn procession' two ranks going one way and two the other. When any thing happens to obstruct the way, and interrupt the motion, the effect is felt often for a mile or more; and all are brought to a stand-still, unless happily you can turn down some by-street and so take another route, which may lead you back again to the same avenue you left some mile or so off. I well remember once having an invitation to dine with a friend who resided in one of the streets running into Tavistock-Square. The dinner was to be entirely '*en famille*:' so I dressed myself as soon as I could despatch my correspondence, after 'change; and about half-past five, started in a hack, with keen appetite, for the Square. We proceeded at a good jog-trot until we got about half-way up Cheapside, when we came to a dead stand-still. I sat patiently for ten or fifteen minutes, when I put my head out of the front-window, calling: 'Jarvey, what's the matter?' 'Do n't know, Sir, on'y sumthin's stopt th' way, Sir.' Now this was decidedly valuable information! I waited perhaps ten or fifteen minutes longer when I *again* inquired: 'Do you see no chance to pull out, and go down Milk-street, and so get up to Holborn?' 'Vy, Sir, all them 'ere cross-streets is blocked up.' Well, after about three quarters of an hour we moved slowly on, and arrived at Holborn; when going up

the hill, (by the way, it is very steep,) a carriage broke down some little distance ahead, and there was another full stop! Here was nearly another hour's detention. But to come to the climax of my story: I arrived a little before eight o'clock: my friend, however, was so fashionable, that dinner was not announced till after eight. When it was, (there was only one guest beside myself,) O ye gods! what a recompense for all my sufferings of patience and gnawings of appetite! My friend, true to his word, gave me '*vraiment un dinner en famille*:' a little '*Potage Jul en*,' fried soles, and a rump-steak: all very excellent, but no more than I got at home at any time when I preferred it for a change! And pedestrians in London are not much better off than those in carriages, for *they* too must keep to the left, and just go in double-file; or, if in haste, must dodge in and out, and on and off the sidewalk; and wo to the unlucky wight who is in haste on a dirty day, for in dodging off the foot-way, he will get ankle-deep in blackest mud, unimaginable, even in New-York. Yet the streets are well swept; still the prodigious travel makes them, in a few hours, what we should call impassable. Since I left my 'fader-landt' great, very great alterations and improvements have been effected in the 'Modern Babylon;' and I much doubt if an absence of thirty years and more would not make me almost a stranger to many localities familiar to me in my boyhood's years. I read, a few weeks since, that it was contemplated (possibly by this time it may be consummated) to take down 'Temple Bar,' the only remaining Gate of the City of London, the barrier between the two cities, London and Westminster. This is truly *Vandalic*! A relic of antiquity, that can never be replaced, to be demolished—and for what? for 'modern improvement,' forsooth! Here it was that the monarch himself was obliged to knock, and his heralds sound a blast, before the gate could be opened to admit him within the limits of the city. It was mere form, 't is true; but then it goes to show to what extent the burghers claim their ancient privileges. True, this gate was somewhat an obstruction in the thoroughfare; but why not let it stand a memento of olden times, and widen the street each side? This modern idea of effacing every thing antiquated, is barbarous. The same modernizing mania prevails with us Americans. See how the *progressives* have torn down our old stone churches, almost the only antique edifices we had, made sacred by their venerable ancestors worshipping for generations within their walls! But no! The old Octagon Church, it may be, must be torn down; the old pulpit whence some worthy man of God has proclaimed his MASTER's word; the little lectern, where stood the precentor or the chorister; the old oaken pew—all, *all* must give way for something modern—something fashionable! 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!' Our excellent friend paused, for a tear was swelling to his cheek; and pleasant as we thought the sanctum that night, it was easy to see that at this moment 'his thoughts were elsewhere.' An old city, like an old friend, cannot be replaced. - - - THERE was an editorial wail, from Maine to California, when it was announced, some time since, that ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas, had been killed on a hunting excursion in a distant north-western region: but the poet, the legislator, the keen sportsman, the military commander, the widely-known and widely-cherished friend and companion, refused to be 'finished.' He suddenly appears in Washington, 'in his habit as he lived;' but the 'personal evidence' would not be taken: his friends regarded him in the light of a 'defunct;'

and they determined to hold a 'wake' over him; and hold it they *did*, at JOHNNY COYLE's, whose house on this occasion must have been the 'AMBROSE's of Washington, with a select number of the friends of the 'lamented deceased,' who also 'honored the company with his presence.' Although, from being so 'early' with the KNICKERBOCKER, we are 'late in the day,' so far as this 'Wake' is concerned, we yet cannot refrain from a reference to it, and to the proceedings which were consequent upon it. If we were to print in these pages the extended 'Song' which was sung upon the occasion, to the 'moving' air of 'Benny Havens, O!' we should be obliged to accompany it with so many gossiping reminiscences of not a few of the personages named, and adroitly personified in it, that we should be held 'liable' for undue 'personalities.' We can only thank our old and esteemed friend 'MAC.' for forwarding to us the 'Proceedings,' printed for private circulation, and present a few characteristic stanzas from a poem by 'One of the Mourners,' entitled '*The Old Arkansas Gentleman Alive Again:*'

'The fine Arkansas Gentleman restored to life once more,
Continued to enjoy himself as he had done before;
And, tired of civilized pursuits, concluded he would go
To see some Indian friends he had, and chase the Buffalo.

This fine Arkansas Gentleman
Close to the Choctaw line.

'The rumor of his visit had extended far and near,
And distant chiefs and warriors came with bow, and gun, and spear:
So when he reached the council-grounds with much delight he sees
Delegations from the Foxes, Sioux, Quapaws, Blackfeet, Pottawottamies,
Gros Ventres, Arrapahoes, Camanches, Creeks, Navajoes, Choctaws and
Cherokees:

This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'He went to sleep among these friends, in huts or tents of skin
And if it rained or hailed, or snowed, he did n't care a pin:
For he'd lined his hide with whiskey and a brace of roasted grouse,
And he did n't mind the weather any more than if he slept in a four-story
brown-stone front, tin roof, fire-proof, Fifth Avenue house:

This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'Now, whilst he was enjoying all that such adventure brings,
The chase, and pipe, and bottle, and such like forbidden things,
Some spalpeen of an editor, the LORD had made in vain,
Inserted in his horrible accident column, amongst murders, robberies,
rapes, and thefts, camphene accidents, collisions, explosions, defalcations,
fornications, seductions, abductions, and destructions, under a splendid
black-bordered notice, the lamentable news that he was dead *again*.

This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'The other papers copied it, and then it was believed
That DEATH at last had taken him, so recently reprieved:
They mourned him as a warrior, a poet, and a trump,
And with eulogies, eulogies, biographies, reviews, articles, criticisms on his
productions, doubts whether he had ever fought, wrote, hunted buffalo,
or indeed lived at all: and one incredulous pagan, 'JOHNSE HOOPER,' of
the *Montgomery Mail*, always denied his dying plump:

This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'Behold in this excitement our distinguished friend arrive,
We 'knew from a remark he made' that he was still alive;
Then every journal joyously the contradiction quotes,
The tailors take his measure, and the banks renewed his notes:

This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'But JOHNNY COYLE, an Irishman, the news refused to take,
 He swore no gentleman alive should chate him of his wake :
 So he called his friends together as here you plainly see,
 And has set out the spirits to lay the body *under* the table dacently.
 This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.'

We should like to have heard our friend JOHN BROUGHAM 'chant' this, in the 'rich Irish brogue' which he knows so well how to assume. Our old correspondent was honored at his 'wake' by the presence of some of the first men in the nation: and he must have been as much flattered as he was when CHRISTOPHER NORTH pronounced so cordial an eulogium upon his admirable contributions to 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine.' - - - THE KNICKERBOCKER, in the palmy days of the stage, was the favorite repository of dramatic incidents and criticism. A reference to our early volumes would reveal some of the most characteristic and original anecdotes of GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE, KEMBLE, MATTHEWS, MACREADY, and other leading English actors. Dr. FRANCIS, in his capacity of physician to some of these famous actors, has garnered in our pages and elsewhere, charming *memorabilia* of the American Stage. We have now to thank a friend for an original and hitherto unpublished letter of EDMUND KEAN. He wrote it on his last visit to New-York, while suffering the consequences of his capricious recklessness, and intended to publish it in '*The New-York American*.' It is a curious memorial of the man, and those troubled times of the drama. It illustrates the conscious error and the frank repentance of a child of genius, as thus described in a volume of essays by one of our contributors: 'While the histrionic achievements of KEAN identify his name with the progress of dramatic art, his actual life and habits pertain rather to a sphere without the limits of civilization. A wild vein belonged to his very nature, and seemed indicative of gipsy or savage blood. It gleamed sometimes from his extraordinary eyes, when acting, so as to appal, startle and impress every class of observers. A man once cried out in the pit, at the demoniacal glare of his optics, as SHYLOCK meditating revenge on his creditor: 'It is the Devil!' His poet-biographer compares him to the van-winged hero of 'Paradise Lost;' and WEST, the painter, declared he had never been so haunted by the look of a human face as by that of KEAN. Something of this peculiar trait also exhibited itself in his action and tones, and made his audience thrill with the fierce energy of his soul. But while it thus subserved the purposes of art, and was in fact an element of his genius, it infected his private life with a reckless and half-maniacal extravagance, that was fostered by his addiction to stimulants, an unprotected infancy, and the precarious and baffled tenor of his youth and early manhood.'* The following is KEAN'S letter:

'MR. EDITOR: With oppressed feelings, heart-rending to my friends and triumphant to my Enemies, I make an appeal to that country famed for Hospitality to the Stranger and mercy to the conquered. Allow me to say, Sir, whatever are my Offences, I disclaim any intention of offering any thing in the shape of Disrespect toward the Inhabitants of New-York. They received me from the first with an Enthusiasm grateful in *those* Hours to my Pride, in the *present* to my memory. I cannot recal to my mind any Act or Thought that did not prompt me to an unfeigned Acknowledgement of their

* BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. By H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Favours as a Public, and profound Admiration of the private Worth of those Circles in which I had the Honour of moving.

'That I have committed an error, appears too evident, from the all-decisive Voice of the Public; but surely, it is but Justice to the Delinquent (whatever may be his enormities) to be allowed to make Reparation where the Offences were committed. My misunderstanding took place in Boston. To Boston I shall assuredly go, to apologize for my Indiscretions.

'I visit this Country now under different Feelings and Auspices than on a former Occasion. Then I was an ambitious man, and the proud Representative of SHAKESPEARE'S Heroes. The Spark of Ambition is extinct; and I merely ask a Shelter in which to close my professional and mortal career.

'I give the Weapon into the Hands of my Enemies: if they are brave, they will not turn it against the defenceless.

EDMUND KEAN.

'Washington Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1825.'

Eloquent repentance and contrition! - - - 'It sometimes happens,' (writes a friendly correspondent from Logan, Ohio, from whom, by the way, our readers have heard 'to edification' more than once,) "in the course of one's practice in the legal profession, to meet with very queer law, and very queer documents, in the way of 'Petitions,' 'Answers,' and 'Replies,' especially in the Courts of *pie-poudre*, presided over by country justices, who are frequently judges both of law and fact, *à la mode*. I give you below, an exact copy of an 'Answer' filed, not by the defendant himself, but by his attorney, being a country pettifogger of the first water in and about his vicinage, into whose tender mercies are committed the interests of his clients, with the full assurance that Equity will prevail. And lest even 'Old KNICK' himself should doubt the truth of the copy, I send him the original for ocular inspection, hoping that he may *file* it again in the Court of the Grand Assize of Literature. In order to perceive the *pertinency* of the document, I premise that the defendant, CHILCOAT, was sued as guarantee by HUMPHREY DAVIS, upon a promissory note, given by CHILCOAT as part of the price of the purchase-money of a certain piece of land, bought by C. from D. CHILCOAT also gave as the balance of the purchase-money, one cow, and a town lot in Bloomingville. The defence set up, was the paper before alluded to, of which the following is a true copy, *sans* the bit of red string which bound together the fractional parts of a sheet of foolscap, upon which it was written in the manner of fancy attorney:

'THE Defendant, JOSHAWAY CHILCOAT Clames A set off and Judgement Against the Plantive HUMFRY DAVICE In A Sute Now Pending July the 24 A D 1858 the Plantive Clames A Balance on the Paiment as a surplus on The Land as back payment Defendant, as set off Clamed from the 1 Plantive Pay for one Milk Cow \$2500 2 one town Lot in Eeast bloomville sold to the Plantive at \$35.00 3 Eitom is Paid, a noat of Hand Paialbe from TOMAS WILES Dis Counted one Dollar and the Intrust for less than the value of said noat, sined over With out Recorse or Return In Law the Plantive agreed to look to the maker only for Pay Calling for \$41.00 All of the Above A Counts Was Paid on the 12 Day of March A D 1858 the Defindant Clames for fraud and Deseitful Afermations and Deceivid the Defendant to the amount 75.00 on the quality of the land and the quonity and quality of the timber Allso Deceivid the Defendant on the a mount Cleared of said land and the A mount of botum land on said

Plase Acres of botoms in All of the off set of the Defendants Clame is the amount of 176.00 Defendant

JOSHAWAY CHILCOAT.

We have the 'original' of this, and can vouch for its authenticity: *verbatim, et literatim, et spellatim, et punctuatim*. Schoolmasters must be at a discount among the pugnacious litigants of our sister State: although our Eastern sisters are not '*before*' her. - - - It did not need the assurance of our correspondent, 'S. F. B.,' that we had already cordially commended a production from the same pen, to insure a cordial welcome to the subjoined lines. They bear their own recommendation to us, as they will to our readers. The writer pleasantly observes, in a note accompanying the effusion: 'Once upon a time, tenants' wives used to ride behind the good man, as he jogged along to pay the rent, and bear on their arm a basket of new-laid eggs or a fat fowl — proof of good-will as well as house-wifery. My verses are a far less substantial tribute: 'but such as they are,' will you accept them as a thank-offering for the 'good words' with which you so kindly took the New-York public of last year by the button, and bespoke a friendly hearing for a dramatic bantling of mine?' With pleasure:

'The Message from the Wreck.

'I CAST a fresh-blown rose
To the waves of the dark blue sea,
And marvelled if ever the swelling surge
Would bear it back to me:
'T was swept from my view, with its fragrant
breath,
Like the cherished One that was claimed by
DEATH,
In a sad hour — long ago!
Away! away! 't was torn from my sight,
And a sadness fell on my heart like night,
As the SEA murmured deep and low:
'The waves of TIME, as they onward roll,
Ne'er return with the hopes of youth to
the soul!'

'I threw a laurel spray,
'T was borne aloft 'mid the roar
Of the foam-crested waves, as they leapt
On that stormy ocean shore:
But the emblem of fame and triumph won
Uprose and fell as the flower had done,
And returned — ah! never more!
The voice within me in anguish cried:
'Ever thus — ever thus, the loved have died
Or grown cold: the fame I have striven to
win
Hath been crushed by envy or blighted by
sin,
Till my heart hath grown sick and sore!'

'In my grief, I sobbed: 'What is left,
When forever are borne away
The hopes and dreams that from age are reft,
And Night obscures Life's day?
When sorrow cankers with cruel ruth
The laurels of fame and the roses of youth:
For like laurel-wreath, and rose in its prime
Of man's spring-time, swift to flee,
Was the cherished love, and the promised
fame,
In the sweet short morn of youth that came,
Which I ne'er again may see!
Then what can TIME's wave bring back to
atone
For the blighted hopes, forever flown?'

'While I spoke, at my feet was cast
A fragment with sea-weed twined
Of some hapless vessel's shivered mast,
Rent by the angry wind:
Dripping, decayed, with shells bedecked,
Was this message sad from the vessel
wrecked,
But — the form of a Cross it bore!
'O answer blest to my moan!' I cried:
'Blest symbol of Him who lived and died,
Guiding us to that brighter shore
Where the waves of Passion no more shall
roll,
And Peace shall harbor the sin-tossed
soul!'

Such 'bantlings' require no praise. - - - Is the writer of '*An Unexpected Mishap*' reasonably sure he has not 'mistaken his man?' Is he *quite* certain that he is not 'seen through,' as though he were a piece of glass — 'half-cracked,' at that? If *not* aware of the fact, let us hint it to him gently: assuring him that he will find it quite impossible to smuggle a 'puff' into *these* pages, however disguised in the shape of a made-up 'Incident' that is only equalled in its stupidity by its thin

transparency: just as 'a jackass is the same as a mule, only *more so*.' 'Try it on' again, and watch the 'eventuation!' - - - 'JUDEX' writes us from Baltimore as followeth: 'The following is a literal copy of a letter written some thirty-six or seven years ago. Thinking that such a beautiful specimen of cacography might be entitled to a nook in your periodical, I have taken the trouble to forward it to you:

'Mr

'JOHN FERGESON

'Marchent

'Baltimore, United Stats

'North America.

'DEAR SIR: 'Your Father ADAM FERGESON wished me to write to you if i could have any opertunety he has no particular word but wishes you to write to him frequently he as not herd from you for a considrabel time and he is very anches for you to write. emedetly the writer of this is a Nephew of JAMES LAMB, s indiana Staate his son is come to his faren near Philadelphie if you know the name of it or a direction to find him send word in your Father, s Letter and how far distent Baltimor is from Philadelphie if thare be any Pakets or Steem Bots gos between them: you may write if thare be any Malt made in your Town or near to it or any Ales or Weskey made and what is the pryces of them i am a Malster and I can Brewe ale I was brought up in the Farming i am thinking of coming to my Uncal soon you may write the Pryces of your Markets the pryces of Clouths men an wimons Shoos if thare be any sheep keep, t with your Farmers or any Particular news in your Country no Mor at present but remans your

'Truley,

R — M —.

'Sauckie

'March 27 18—.'

Rare 'marchant' that! - - - ONE of the most pleasing and effective pictures which we have recently seen, is a large engraving from the burin of JOHN C. McRAE, Esq., representing '*Robert Burns in his Cottage Composing the Cottar's Saturday Night*,' after the fine painting by Sir WILLIAM ALLAN. It is in all respects admirable. There is honest 'ROBIE,' the world's favorite *now*, in the homely garb in which he was wont to tread the fields, with the pen in his hand which is to record his immortal poem. Could we say more? - - - ALL our readers are not lawyers (thank the Fates for *that*!) but those who are *not*, equally with those who *are*, will appreciate the dry satire of the subjoined. Missouri is the State wherein the scene occurred:

'BEING once opposed to Mr. S —, late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the Jury, upon a disagreement between them: 'Here my brother S — and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light: and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S —'s head [here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent] is a *squash*! I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference — undoubtedly an honest difference — of opinion. We might argue about till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders

that support it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be.' All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.'

And this reminds us of a similar 'hit' once made upon the eloquent ELISHA WILLIAMS, of Columbia County, on the Hudson. He was 'powerful' before a jury: and one day, in the Circuit-Court of that ilk, he had made a most profound impression, alike upon the jury and upon the 'Court.' His legal opponent was a mere pettifogger, but 'smart:' and he said: 'Gentlemen of the Jury, and your Honors, I should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common-sense. No man could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoke, than what *I* like that piece. He spoke it good. I've heered him give it three times afore; once at Schodack, in a rape-case: once at Kiak, on a suspicion o' stealin'; once to Poughkeepsie, on a murder-case; and the next time at Kakiak, about a man who was caught a ——— Wall, he *always* spoke it good: but *this* time, he's re-ally beat himself. But what does it all *amount* to, gentlemen of the jury? *That's* the question: and you can answer it as well as *I* kin, and better tew!' And so they *did*, and quickly! - - - Now that some of the English weekly journals are sending back to us, from the KNICKERBOCKER, the 'Sayings' of Mr. Dow, Jr., 'an eccentric American clergyman' (!) we propose to give them another instalment: suggesting at the same time that our London contemporaries, by exchanging with the San Francisco '*Golden Era*' newspaper, can have communication with the Rev. Mr. Dow at 'first hands.' The British press agrees with us in this: that Dow's 'Proverbial Philosophy' beats the 'soft and silly TUPPER out of sight.' But hark to the California oracle:

ON ASTROLOGY.

'My hearers, what is an Astrologer but a mere mortal, after all? He can no more burst open the iron-barred doors of the FUTURE, than a soft-shelled nigger can butt his head through a nether mill-stone. He may feel the pulses of the stars to find out the why and the wherefore of corns, cholera, ear-ache, tooth-ache, dyspepsia, and the sprue; he may tell how city lots and the lots of individuals will turn out: he may *pretend* to all this; but he *knows* no more about it than a pewter dog. There is just as much dependence to be placed upon his predictions as there is upon the signs of a coming storm, when an old ram stands with his tail to the north-east. Study *yourselves*, my hearers: peruse carefully your *hearts*, and their inclinations; and let all Astrologers pass to spring-fodder: in other words, go to grass!'

SLEEP TO THE GUILTY.

'THE man who back-bites his neighbor; who acts dishonestly, lives immorally, and votes spuriously; who lounges lazily, judges rashly, and condemns instantly; who throws a quid of tobacco into the contribution-box, and takes out a three-cent piece to buy more; such a sinner cannot coax Sleep to his bed-side. She won't do it: he may fall into a snooze: he may partake of the first section of a 'cat-nap:' but ere he is aware, a skeleton NIGHTMARE looks in at the window, and gives a horse-laugh at his misery!'

SLEEP TO THE INNOCENT.

'ON the other hand, my hearers, look at the man who goes to bed with a sense of having done his duty to his MAKER, his neighbor, and himself. He falls calmly asleep in the arms of SOMNUS, who beckons his friend MORPHEUS, while REASON slumbers, to come and guide his wandering fancy over the blissful world of dreams. Is he a business man? — the banks pay specie, and discount freely: is he a lawyer? — his clients are all wealthy, and full of suits: is he a preacher, like myself? — his sheep yield good fleeces, and are content with such fodder as they get. Oh! my hearers, it is a blessed thing to lie down at night with a light stomach and conscience! You ought to see *me* sleep sometimes! — 'fourteen mile a 'our, and surroundin' objects rendered invisible by the extreme velocity with which I snooze.'

THE DISCONTENT OF HUMANITY.

'MAN, my hearers, is the fretful babe of trouble and care. He often frets because he can't find any thing to fret about. You give him his own way, and he don't like it: he wants his own way of having his own way. I know the world: nobody has looked sharper than I have, for a chance of honest happiness in it: but the bubbles that rise on the stream of TIME are altogether vanity. I've been down the stream, and I've watched the blubbers: and I tell you, my hearers, that all along by the margin of said stream, nests of young HUMBUGS are continually being hatched.'

ON LOVE.

'LOVE, like electricity, pervades all bodies. My heart sinks into my trowsers-pocket, when I meditate upon the evil which it has caused. It comes before you know it, and makes you feel queer. Look at yon miserable self-martyr, with the fire of liquid damnation gleaming through his carbuncle nose: the pangs of despised love pour through every pore of his ruby proboscis. What constitutes the staple of his hard reflections? — tears, kisses, partings — saw-dust, soft sawder, and soft-soap!'

THE HOUSE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

'I LIKEN the Human Body to a House. The big bones are the main timbers. The ribs are laths, well plastered — or rather rafters, that run into the ridge-pole, or backbone. The mouth is the door, and the nose is the chimney — especially for smokers. The throat is the entry, that leads to the kitchen of the stomach, where all sorts of food are cooked. The lungs are the bellows, that blow the flame of life, and keep the pot of existence always boiling: but the HEART is the great chamber, where a great variety of goods are stored; some good; more middling; many bad. My hearers, if you have any rubbish in that chamber, clear it out, and make room for goods which are saleable in the markets of the Virtuous. The chambers of *some* hearts present an awful dirty appearance. Take the bran-new broom of Decision, brush out the dirt of Sin, and sand the floor with Virtue.'

UPON EGOTISM AND DANDIES.

'I DETEST egotism and vanity as a cat does a wet floor. There are some vain persons in this world, who after a long incubation will hatch out from the hot-bed of Pride a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of Pomposity, with all the self-importance of a speckled hen, with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people.'

This may not be equal to the dignified and tasteful style of 'Bro. SPURGEON:' but there is much good sense here exhibited, 'nevertheless and notwithstanding.' 'SPURGEON *is n't* coming,' it seems. - - - *The Princeton Review* for January contains three or four papers of more than usual profundity and excellence, even in that well-established journal. The paper on '*The Unity of Mankind*,' an extended review of an able work upon this theme, by Professor J. L. CABELL, M.D., of the University of Virginia, is, in our judgment, one of the best, if not *the* best, of the articles in the number. It enlists thought, challenges scrutiny, and is sound in its deductions. Of the opening paper in this issue, '*Praying and Preaching*,' perhaps it may not be over-presumptuous, that even a simple layman like ourselves may have a respectful word or two to say hereafter. This is preëminently one of those instances in which 'something (so far at least as details are concerned) may be said on *both* sides.' We remark, among the '*Short Notices*' of the present Review, a brief consideration of the work of Mr. E. LORR, '*Inspiration not Guidance nor Intuition*,' of which, upon its publication, an editorial notice, necessarily brief and incomplete, appeared in the Review department of this Magazine. It appears to us, perhaps from a too cursory perusal of the notice in question, that it fails to present, or rightly to *state*, the point at issue. That point, to our conception, was, whether *Guidance* is *Inspiration*. Inspiration, as taught in Scripture, conveyed to the sacred writers the very *words* of God. They are, therefore, as they were received and written, His infallible words. The fact that they were conveyed by inspiration of God, is to us the ground of their infallibility. The words of God are infallible, *because* they are His words. The Scriptures are His words, because He conveyed them to the writers by Inspiration. '*All Scripture is given by Inspiration of God.*' The Scripture is that which was written, namely, the *words* which were written, by the sacred penmen, prophets and apostles. Now if, according to the express declarations of Scripture, that is Inspiration which gave to the sacred penmen the words they were to write, then Guidance cannot be inspiration. For Guidance did not convey words to the writers. It was an influence on their faculties, assisting them in the selection of the words which they wrote. They selected the words, it is said, under the infallible guidance of the SPIRIT. But this is not Inspiration. It is a theory, purely hypothetical; not taught in Scripture; not proved; not necessary in the case: but invented by men, to justify the supposition that words selected by men are, by Divine guidance of their faculties in making the selection, made the real and infallible words of God. No such process was necessary; and the Scriptures teach nothing of it. It is an invention of men; no two of whom, perhaps, mean exactly the same by it. Some call it an inspiration of guidance; some an inspiration of superintendence, elevation, direction, suggestion: some affirm it of *all* the Scriptures; some of a *part* only. Some say it was infallible; some that it merely preserved from error: other some, that it was uniform in degree; others, again, that it was excited unequally, according to exigency. Is there no difference between this vague, undefined, unproved speculative theory, and the explicit assertions and doctrine of Scripture? Does the one afford us as clear, definite, and solid ground of confidence in the Divine authority and infallibility of the Scriptures as the other? With assertions of deference to the superior judgment of the reviewer, upon this theme, we must aver, that we

think not. . . . WE are very rapidly coming back to *The Radecliffian Style of Literature*. If you doubt it, reader, take up one of the popular weekly journals, and read the exciting 'STORIES' so extensively advertised, and so extensively read: 'The Hour of Doom!' — 'The Demon of the Bloody Hand!' — 'The Cave of Horrors!' — 'The Dead Secret.' Observe how they for the most part romantically commence: 'All was dark. The hurricane howled: the wet rain fell: the thunder rolled in an awful and OSSIANLY manner! . . . On a beetling rock, lashed by the Gulf of Salerno, stood Il Castello di Grimgothico. . . . At that moment the bell of Il Grimgothico tolled one. STILLETTO and POIGNARDINI, with drawn sabres, appeared upon the battlements: ' and quite a 'scrimmage' ensues, of course. But the best, the most faithful satire, in this kind, which we have ever seen, was a burlesque from the pen of MARRYATT, in an unclaimed sketch of his, written in his early days for a London periodical. It appeared, if we remember rightly, in the London '*New Monthly Magazine*,' then under the editorship of THOMAS CAMPBELL. It was a representation of a novel, after the Italian school: and was so sanguinary in its details, that every character in it was either killed, or committed suicide; and each and every one of them (including the narrator!) 'fell, and expired without a groan.' The subjoined extract will serve to show how very 'thrilling' were the incidents of the novel:

'ABSENPRESENTINI felt his way by the slimy wall; when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath.

'No, no!' muttered the other: '*the Secret of Blood and Gold*' shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death!'

'In a second the dagger of ABSENPRESENTINI was in the mutterer's bosom: he fell without a groan.

'To me alone the Secret of Blood and Gold, and with me it remains!' exclaimed ABSENPRESENTINI.

'It does remain with you!' cried PHOSPHORINI, driving his dagger into his back.

'ABSENPRESENTINI fell without a groan; and PHOSPHORINI withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed: 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?'

'Not you,' cried VORTISKINI, raising up his sword, and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned PHOSPHORINI, who fell without a groan.

'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold,' said VORTISKINI, as he sheathed his sword.

'Thou shalt!' exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest by which our order might be disgraced: with me it dies!' and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honor of his Society does MANFREDINI sacrifice his life.' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan.

'At this most monstrously appalling sight, the hair of PIFTLIANTERISCKI raised slowly the velvet cap from off his head, as if it had been perched upon the rustling quills of some exasperated porcupine, (I think that's new,) his nostrils dilated to that extent that you might with ease have thrust a musket-bullet into each, his mouth was opened so wide — so unnaturally wide — that the corners were rent asunder, and the blood slowly trickled down each side of his bristling chin, while each tooth loosened from its socket with individual fear. Not a word could he utter: his tongue was paralyzed:

his heart was not; it throbbed against his ribs with a violence which threatened their dislocation from the sternum, and with a sound which reverberated through the dark, damp, subterrene——'

But the rest is *too* 'thrilling!' - - - From a work of rare interest and historical value, '*Memoir of Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, Prepared by Himself at the Request of his Children,*' which will be referred to more particularly in our next, we take the subjoined account of the arrest and *Execution of Andre*, upon a spot not three miles from where we write:

'THE express sent with the papers found in Major ANDRE's boots, did not intercept Gen. WASHINGTON on his return from Hartford, but passed him on the road, and kept on to West-Point. On the twenty-fifth, while at breakfast with two of Gen. WASHINGTON's Aids, who had actually arrived at his quarters, ARNOLD received the letter from Lieut.-Col. JAMESON. Knowing that the Commander-in-Chief would soon be there, he immediately rode down to his boat, and was rowed down the North River to the British sloop-of-war 'Vulture,' which then lay in Tappan Bay, below King's Ferry. This was the same vessel that brought up Major ANDRE from New-York. Not long after ARNOLD's abrupt and sudden departure from his quarters at ROBINSON'S House, on the east side of the Hudson, opposite to West-Point, the express delivered the dispatches to Gen. WASHINGTON, who immediately repaired to ARNOLD'S quarters. By this time the plot was all discovered, and the guilty traitor had escaped. I took on Major ANDRE, under a strong escort of cavalry, to West-Point, and the next day I proceeded down the Hudson to King's Ferry, and landed at Haverstraw, on the west side of the Hudson, where a large escort of cavalry had been sent from the main army at Tappan, with which I escorted the prisoner to head-quarters.

'After we arrived at head-quarters, I reported myself to Gen. WASHINGTON, who ordered a court consisting of fourteen general officers, to sit and hear the case of Major ANDRE. On the twenty-ninth of September, the president of the court (Gen. GREENE) reported to the Commander-in-Chief that they had come to the conclusion, 'that Major ANDRE, Adjutant-General to the British Army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion that he ought to suffer death.'

'On the thirtieth of September, the Commander-in-Chief, in general orders, approved of the aforesaid opinion, and ordered that the execution should take place the next day, at five o'clock P.M.

'On the first of October, 1780, a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the solemn and affecting scene, when the execution was postponed, in consequence of a flag having arrived from the enemy. Gen. GREENE was appointed to meet Gen. ROBERTSON at Dobb's Ferry; but as no satisfactory proposals were received from Gen. ROBERTSON, Gen. GREENE returned to head-quarters and reported to Gen. WASHINGTON. The Commander-in-Chief then ordered that the execution should take place on the second of October. Major ANDRE, having received his regimentals from New-York, appeared in the complete uniform of a British officer, and, in truth, he was a most elegant and accomplished gentleman. After he was informed of his sentence, he showed no signs of perturbed emotions, but wrote a most touching and finished letter to Gen. WASHINGTON, requesting that the mode of his death might be adapted to the feelings of a man of honor. The universal usage of nations having affixed to the crime of a *spy*, *death by the gibbet*, his request could not be granted. As I was with him most of the time from his capture, and walked with him as he went to the place of execution, I never discovered any emotions of fear respecting his future destiny before I reached Tappan, nor of emotion when his sentence was made known to him. When he came within sight of the gibbet, he appeared to be *startled*, and inquired with some emotion whether he was not to be shot. Being informed that the mode first

appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, 'How hard is my fate!' but immediately added, 'It will soon be over.' I then shook hands with him under the gallows and retired.

'If it comported with the plan of these memoranda, and I could trust my feelings, I might enlarge greatly in anecdotes relating to this momentous event in our revolutionary war, and especially those which relate to this most accomplished young man. Some things relating to the detention of ANDRE, after he had been sent on to Gen. ARNOLD, are purposely omitted, and some confidential communications which took place, of a more private nature, serve rather to mark the ingenuous character of the man, than to require being noticed at this time. I will, however, remark, that for the few days of intimate intercourse I had with him, which was from the time of his being brought back to our head-quarters to the day of his execution, I became so deeply attached to Major ANDRE that I can remember no instance where my affections were so fully absorbed in any man. When I saw him swinging under the gibbet, it seemed for a time as if I could not support it. All the spectators seemed to be overwhelmed by the affecting spectacle, and many were suffused in tears.'

How universal this *personal* tribute! - - - 'We too are a 'SWAMPER!' was our proud exclamation, when we read, in the quietude of our country sanctum, the recent *Proceedings at the Annual Dinner of the Hide and Leather Trade of the City of New-York, at the Metropolitan Hotel*. There were assembled among that 'goodlie company' some friends of ours for nearly a quarter of a century: and a better class of the 'Solid Men' of New-York could not be found in all her expanded limits: and let us add, in a whisper, that *better-looking* men, hale, sound, handsome men, could not be picked out of any 'precinct' in Great Gotham. It is but recently that '*The Swamp*' and its celebrities were amberized in verse in these pages: they should be again, in plain prose, if at this late hour we had but time and space. The 'SWAMP' is solid: in the 'Great Tin-panic,' not a 'SWAMPER' was swamped: each and every hide and leather dealer of that ilk rode out the financial storm in safety; while some who had removed from that locality to a more rarefied atmosphere, 'swelled up and bu'st!' - - - 'SPEAKING of children,' writes a correspondent from far-off Saginaw, in Michigan, 'I have one, *me judice*. Last summer I picked up a small sand-turtle from the road, and put it upon the house-floor. BILLY (three year old) was all astonishment at its perigrenations. 'BILLY,' I inquired, 'what is it?' A moment sufficed for his reply: 'Frog on a sled!' Many an older head might have been longer in fixing upon so apt a similitude. 'BILLY' spent some weeks in your city last summer; and was more completely satisfied with the 'Bus' than any other town ordinance with which he became acquainted. Upon his return home, he concluded to buy a 'Bus,' and informed his 'Aunty' of his determination: 'Aunty,' he said, 'we'll have lots o' fun! Who shall we let ride?' 'Oh!' said his Aunt, 'Papa, mamma, grand-pa, grand-ma, DICKEY, NELLY,' and about a dozen more familiar names: when BILLY interrupted her with: 'Stop, Aunty: there'll be no room for us: I'll have to buy *two* 'Busses.' He had a dozen on his cheek, 'n 'less-na-mint!' And this generous little soul was kept away for our 'Side-Table' last month! Never mind: he is here *now*, any how, and very welcome. - - - WE have always had an admiration and a warm regard for BAYARD TAYLOR; a MAN, as modest as he is gifted: but we have never studied him in the light of a COMET. When he crawled up like a snake upon his er-ah—stomach, and looked over into the '*Voring Foss*,' no'th-east-by-no'th half-

no'th from the north coast of Norway, held on to a twig, and peered over, like WEBSTER, to 'see whether, with his short sight (he wears an eye-glass) he could fathom the depth of the abyss below,' then we 'felt' for him: it was a terrible position: and a late welsh-rarebit, that same night, made us 'unhappy' and restless, in regard of his probable safety. But 'B. W. RICHMOND, M.D.,' in a manuscript 'pome' now before us, regards 'Bro. TAYLOR' as a comet—a married comet. Four of the Doctor's twelve stanzas will 'satisfy the sentiment:—'

'WHAT set thee wandering, brave Old Fire,
And keeps thee flashing on thy track?
Did the sun that lit thy young desire
Grow pale and turn to darkness back?

'What hast thou seen, old Blazing Star!
While rushing on thy flaming way?
Have suns expired beneath thy gaze,
And smitten sparks blazed into day?

'Thou'rt the BAYARD TAYLOR of the skies,
Wild-wandering through the fields of life;
O'er starry tracks and Milky-Way,
To seek thy sorrowing soul a Wife!

'And didst thou see that shining Hand
That rolls the suns out into space,
And gaze into his flashing eye,
Or glance upon his burning face?'

Here is grandeur as well as extravagant thought. - - - Look at *this* picture of the 'Great Babylon,' sent us by a friend:

'About two o'clock in the afternoon, while we were yet thirty or forty miles from the metropolis, a friend pointed out to me an indication of its whereabouts. A little above the horizon, and as far in the distance as I could strain my vision lay a long line of watery-looking cloud, like the first faint distant view of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, seen when the early morning light touches it in October. This was the smoke-cloud that always over-hangs London, be the day never so fine or clear—a cloud the extent and volume of which may be gathered from the fact, that the vegetation is earlier by a fortnight on the west and south-west sides of the metropolis, than at the northern and eastern sides—a circumstance alone attributable to the severity of the north and north-east winds being mitigated in their passage over London by the smokes belched from a million of coal-fires into the hazy air. About ten miles from London the carriages, wagons, carts, indeed vehicles of every description began to jicken, and every eminence of the highway, that over-looked a long onward reach of the road, showed the mass denser and more dense as it neared the metropolis.

'And this is London, is it not?' said I, as we entered upon a broad continuous treet, and saw others commencing on either side.

'Not yet: wait a bit,' said the bluff alderman-like coachman.

'We rose a slight ascent: 'That is London!' said the driver with conscious pride, as he pointed with his whip: '*there's the village!*'

'I turned my head, (for with boyish eagerness I had been looking right and left,) and before me lay the British metropolis, spread all around to the horizon in every direction—a thousand domes, towers, steeples, and turrets piercing the dim atmosphere, St. PAUL's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower among them; a wilderness of architecture thirty miles in circumference! It was a sight to be seen, but it defies description.'

Yet this was London twenty years ago. - - - TRAVEL upon the Hudson is fully 'under way' for the season. We *near* 'up-river' travellers find therein good reason to rejoice. Now, whether Rockland or Cedar-Hill 'occupiers' go to town by our new 'West-Shore Rail-road,' (when it is completed,) or by the 'ISAAC P. SMITH' steamer, upon the 'Beautiful River,' we have equal occasion to felicitate ourselves. The 'ISAAC P. SMITH' has been put in perfect order, throughout, and

a more safe, beautiful, and commodious steamer sails not on the near waters of our glorious Hudson. Every body who has been to Albany in the 'swift-sure' and elegantly-commodious day-boat, 'ARMENIA,' Capt. I. P. SMITH, knows what an officer *he* is. Not a *part* of his boat, or its machinery, but he knows as well as they who made them. His brothers, DAVID, TUNIS, and their sons, head and sub-officers of the 'ARMENIA,' the 'SMITH,' and the 'EDWIN,' are 'like unto him.' They are *all* 'Steam-boat and Engineer,' by thorough education and long experience. We have voyaged thousands of miles upon their boats on the Hudson, and never yet met with the slightest accident. - - - As an instance of '*Comparative Honesty*,' we commend the following to the consideration of the Rockford (Ill.) 'author' of '*The Death of the First-Born*,' sufficiently alluded to in our March number. The sly, dry, appreciative and unctuous reporter of the 'sayings and doings' of 'MRS. PARTINGTON' is at the bottom of the felicitous illustration: 'One of our compositors came into the office on a Monday morning, and looking into a drawer where he kept his bodkins and other implements of the kind, he remarked that there was much difference between the honesty of an office like ours, and a 'daily' office. We asked him his reason for the remark. He took an orange from the drawer, and holding it up, said: 'This orange I put in here on Saturday, and it is here now: yesterday I was down in one of the daily paper-offices, and a man who was 'off' had left an orange in his drawer, and *I stole it!*' We saw in an instant the truth of his remark.' - - - PERHAPS our New-Haven correspondent 'P. S.' who gives us some good '*Clerical Anecdotes*,' never read the following, of Dean SWIFT:

'An ignorant tailor, zealous over-much, waited upon the Dean to express his fears that, for a clergyman, he was too convivial, and not sufficiently conversant with the Scriptures, concerning passages of which he had come, he said, to examine him. SWIFT answered his few stupid questions with great good nature; and when he had concluded, expressed a wish to consult *him*, as he should needs be *au fait* in the matter, in relation to a doubtful point contained in an important chapter of the Bible. 'We read,' said the Dean, 'in Revelations, that the Angel of the LORD stood with one foot on the land, the other on the sea. Now, what I wish you to inform me — with the same freedom that I have answered your queries — is, how much cloth would it take to make the angel alluded to a pair of pantaloons that should fit him as he stood!'

The 'Snip' immediately retired. - - - ALTHOUGH an utter 'detestant' of a labored pun, or a 'laboring' punster, we yet affect a neat and unpremeditated example of this kind of pleasantry: such, for instance, as one we heard, not ten minutes since, from the lips of an eloquent and witty 'father in the Church.' A German shoemaker, in the little village which is shut from sight by the vivid screen of 'Cedar-Hill,' was arrested by one of our metropolitan officers, and taken to town, to confront his first wife, who was 'after' him with the LAW's 'sharp stick,' to secure a participation in the earnings which it was alleged he was now sharing with a *second* life-companion. 'Which wife,' asked a voluble and unreflecting by-stander, 'will he be obliged to take?' 'He is a shoe-maker,' answered our ready divine, 'and must of course stick to his *Last*. This 'ruling' is as old as the Roman law: '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*' Now this instant and responsive pun would have made either LAMB or HOOD 'laugh consumedly.'